

BINGANG



Club Crosby

July 1993

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Most of you have paid your dues for 1993, but some have not. On your mailing label, directly above your name, is the date your membership expires. We would appreciate payment as soon as possible after that date.

If the club is to remain financially stable, it is necessary that all members pay dues on a regular basis. We would not like to drop any members for non-payment, but it may become necessary to do so. If any of you are no longer interested in receiving *Bingang*, please drop us a note or postcard.

Please follow these instructions for payment of dues:

TO OUR MEMBERS IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Send a check or money order for \$11.00, made out to Club Crosby, to:

Editor, *Bingang*
P. O. Box 3849
Kirkwood, MO 63122

Canadian members must pay in U. S. dollars by means of a postoffice money order or an international bank draft drawn on a U. S. bank. Canadian currency and personal checks on Canadian banks are not acceptable to our bank.

TO OUR MEMBERS IN EUROPE

Ken Crossland of W. Midlands, England, is our European representative. He collects dues and does the mailing of *Bingang* for Europe and the British Isles. Magazines are air-mailed to Ken in bulk from the U.S. He distributes them to the members. Dues are \$16.00 and must be submitted to Ken in an amount equivalent to \$16.00 U.S. Send dues or notice of non-receipt of *Bingang* to:

Ken W. Crossland
9 Arden Drive
Dorridge
Solihull
W. Midlands B93 8LP
England

Checks or money orders should be made out to K. W. Crossland.

TO OUR MEMBERS IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

We cannot accept foreign currency or personal checks, as it is too difficult and expensive to get them cashed. Money orders or bank drafts must specify payment in U. S. dollars. Personal checks will be returned, unhonored. Dues are \$16.00, and journals are sent airmail. Send your remittance, made out to Club Crosby, to:

Editor, *Bingang*
P. O. Box 3849
Kirkwood, MO 63122 U.S.A.

The picture of Bob, Bing, and Everett Crosby on the front cover is from the collection of Mark Scrimger.

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Club Crosby

Bingang

VOLUME LVIII, NO. 1

JULY 1993

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Readers Write

We received many compliments and congratulations on the "Conversation with Maxene Andrews" article published in the December 1992 issue, and we thank all of our readers for their kind remarks. That interview was quite a scoop, Mark, Bob, Linda and Lenora!

Dear Wayne,

Earlier this year I had to travel to Germany again. I was surprised and happy to find that in a city like Hanover you can buy not one but several issues, old and new, of Bing's music in one record store. This happened to me before, in 1990, so it is not just a fluke. Apparently the English, Swiss, and German CD releases are selling well enough. When I consider how hard some of the foreign records and CD's are to come by over here, I worry about our famous capitalist enterprise system.

The main reason for my letter, however, is a fairly new source of videos [Critics Choice Video, P.O. Box 632, Elk Grove Village, IL 60009] that will search the market for currently available titles of interest to the customer. I was happy with their service. In order to initiate a current search, clients must call 900-370-6500, but the subsequent order is toll free (800-544-9852). [Critics Choice accepts Visa, MasterCard, American Express, Discover or Optima cards for purchase. There is a \$5.00 charge per *order*, not per title, for shipping and handling. Those who live in Illinois must add 7.5% for sales tax.]

—Dieter B. Pressler, Pacific Grove, CA.

Dear Wayne,

I acknowledge receipt of your "hunky-dory" *Bingang* periodical in mid-January. To tell you the truth, if I don't admit my disappointment for its late schedule, I'm just a "hulking fibber"!! Thought for a moment Santa Claus forgot to pass through my village on Christmas Eve! I always relish spending long reading moments in my "Bing-Den" with one of your issues on my lap. As you word it in your column, "Who could ask for anything more?"

I read somewhere in my Bing publications that your "Gang" was his preferred one. Probably because he was the president of such an excellent group of fervent admirers. I'm delighted to renew my yearly subscription so that I can be part of your forthcoming 60th celebrations!

—Paul-Émile Corbeil, Les Cèdres, Canada.

Dear Wayne,

Last year I urged all Bing fans to write to MCA Video asking them to put out early Bing Crosby movies. If anyone did so, I thank them, and who knows, maybe it helped in getting the "Road" films out. Keep it up, folks. Let 'em know we're not all Elvis fans out here!

—Girvan Paterson, Seaford, Victoria, Australia.

To the various Crosby clubs:

When I retired in 1990 I asked myself what will you do to pass the time away? Little did I know. I take care of the seven acres here in Highland, go to the sports club three days a week, work as a salesman for the radio station in Hyde Park, N. Y. three days a week, and now I am an on-the-air personality. I do the Irish Show every Sunday from 11:05 to 12 noon. Bing gets heard quite a bit! "Galway Bay," "Thine Alone," "Sweethearts," "Danny Boy," and so on. I couple Bing along with Victor Herbert and John McCormack. The audience loves the show. I work the show with a person named Joe La Scolea. We bounce things off each other, *a la* Hope and Crosby. I am also responsible for the patter. For example: "What do you call a parrot in a raincoat? Answer: *Polyunsaturated!* We also do some trivia.

One of the popular singers on the show from time to time is a gentleman named Al Logan. He sounds very much like Der Bingle. He has even recorded "Where the Blue of the Night."

So long as I do the show, Bing will always be remembered and *heard!*

—Jim Johnson, Highland, NY.

Dear Mark,

No doubt you have been wondering what has happened to the promised release of the CD *On Treasure Island*.

This CD will now be released on the 20th of April. The number is JSP CD 703. Derek Parkes will be able to supply it at £8.50 (about \$18.00) plus air mail charge of \$4.00.

I would be obliged if you can mention the release in your magazine.

I look forward to your comments, and of course the next issue of the Club Crosby *Bingang*, which I subscribe to. Not knowing how many members have CD players, I hope that all who can support this project will purchase a copy of this CD.

Thank you.

—Richard Hart, Torquay, Devon, England.

■ For more information on this CD and Derek Parkes and his services, contact F. B. Wiggins, 5608 North 34th St., Arlington, VA 22207.

Editor's Page

BOB CROSBY, 1913-1993. All of us were saddened to hear of the death of Bob Crosby on March 9 of this year. Friends of his say that it was not unexpected, but it still was a shock to everybody. This issue of *Bingang* is respectfully and lovingly dedicated to Bob Crosby. We have rounded up several articles by Bob and his brother Everett about the Crosby clan, plus some other articles about the Crosbys, and have printed them in this issue as a special tribute to the Crosby family.

OTHER DEATHS. We have learned of the death of Bob Machliss of the Victorian Bing Crosby Society and editor of *The Crosby Voice*, the sadly-missed journal formerly published by the Society. His wife Janet has written that Bob spent his final days listening to his favorite tapes, writing snippets of information to fellow Crosby fans and completing a newsletter. He died of a sudden heart attack but had been suffering from motor neurone disease (also known as Lou Gehrig's disease) for the past four years. The world of Crosby collecting is a little poorer because of his passing.

James Bauman has written of the death of Ken Kleiber, an enthusiastic member and supporter of Club Crosby. Ken was 61.

A BENNY GOODMAN SOCIETY. Charles P. Morrison ("Mr. Nostalgia") has announced the formation of the BENNY GOODMAN INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY. Anyone interested in joining should write to Charlie at P. O. Box 26494, Tamarac, FL 33320. This sounds like an excellent idea, and we are sure some of our members will want to join.

A NEW BING PROJECT. Byron Johnson, producer of the video "Magic of Bing Crosby" has asked for our help in his newest Bing project—a music video of songs from Bing's movies. Release of this video would be tied in to MCA's release of the promised Crosby four-CD set scheduled for the 3rd or 4th quarter of 1993. Byron would like club members to select their 10-15 favorite songs from

Bing's movies to assist him in deciding which numbers to include in the video. If possible, he will also try to include some "outtakes" of material not used in the commercially-released films. Here is your chance to participate in a very positive project to keep Bing's memory alive—to say nothing of obtaining a great addition to your Crosby collection. Please send your choices (ASAP) to Charles Baillie, Record Editor *Bingsings*, 118 W. Las Flores Ave., Arcadia, CA 91007.

AND ANOTHER BING PROJECT. David Lobosco is taking a poll of the club members and would like to know the following:

1. Your five favorite Bing Crosby songs.
2. Your five least favorite Bing Crosby songs.
3. Your three favorite Bing Crosby movies.
4. Your three least favorite Bing Crosby movies.
5. Your favorite facet of Bing's career.

David will send Bing cassettes to five members, picked at random, who participate. Write to him at 2533 Rose Drive, Glenshaw, PA 15116. Results will be published in the December 1993 issue of this journal.

A GRANDEFATHER AGAIN! Your editor is now a grandfather for the second time. The little boy's name is William Joseph Martin Busch (that's quite a mouthful), and he was born on March 23 of this year. Of course, the joints seem to creak a little more, especially in the morning, but it is a wonderful thing to be a grandparent. Many of our readers would agree to that!

A SCHEDULE CHANGE. We are experimenting with a new publishing schedule that would see the issues of *Bingang* being mailed out about the first of July and the first of December (instead of the last part of those months). We'll see if this works. You can judge our success by the date on which you receive this issue.

There is a lot of material to be packed into this issue, so we'll cut the Editor's Pages short and get on with it!

Remembering Bob Crosby

By David Lobosco

On March 9, 1993 another legend with strong ties to the Bing Crosby world died. Bob Crosby was the youngest sibling of Bing Crosby and the last one still alive. He rose to fame leading a band, something Bing never did, although Bob never played an instrument. Born in Spokane, Washington on August 23, 1913 he never quite rose to the same heights that his brother did, but he had one of the most popular bands of the thirties and forties.

Like brother Bing, he started out as a singer. After performing with the Dorsey Brothers, he formed the Bob Crosby Bobcats. That band would enjoy its greatest popularity from 1939 to 1945, but it continued to perform until the eighties. Bob even had songstress Doris Day singing with him for awhile. Listeners also enjoyed Bob on radio on the musical variety program *The Bob Crosby Show* (CBS, 1939 and NBC, 1943). He also was host of *Club 15* with the Andrews Sisters. Occasionally Bob would venture into a territory dominated by Bing—the movies. Although his films are few in number, Bob was a major force in movies like *Two Tickets to Broadway* (1951), where he sang a song about Bing called “Let’s Make Comparisons”; and a cameo in Bing’s *Road to Bali* (1951). I think his best role was as the ruthless bandleader in *Five Pennies* (1959), where he sang his brother’s classic “Paradise.”

In the fifties he moved on to television and had a very popular daytime show. At times relations were supposedly strained between Bing and Bob, but again media hype tends to distort the truth. Bob recorded with Bing a number of times, and the results were hits like “When My Dreamboat Comes Home” and songs from *Holiday Inn* such as “I’ve Got Plenty To Be Thankful For” and “Lazy.” However, Bob’s most famous recordings included “Big Noise That Blew In from Winnetka,” “South Rampart Street Parade,” and “March of the Bobcats.” My personal favorite is “Do You Care,” recorded by Bob on the Decca blue label. Bob in past years entertained less, and the last time I can recall seeing him was on the television documentary *Remembering Bing* in 1987.

Bob had been in failing health since his wife June

died last year.

Bob Crosby is dead of cancer at 80, and another piece of the Bing Crosby memories has disappeared. As a younger Bing Crosby fan, I can only hope that memories are enough to keep the spirit of Bing Crosby and the people associated with him alive. We may have lost Bob Crosby, but his memories do not have to be lost, just as Bing’s haven’t faded away.



Bob spent his 14th summer picking cucumbers near Spokane. His father, a pickle factory's bookkeeper, got him the job.

(Photo from "The Swing Era, 1941-1942," published by Time-Life Records.)

BROTHER BING—A COLLECTION OF ARTICLES BY EVERETT AND BOB CROSBY

Although Larry and Ted Crosby are counted amongst Bing's biographers, his other two brothers, Everett and Bob, also put pen to paper occasionally to chronicle life with their famous sibling. I'm sure most of you are familiar with Bob's often quoted articles "I Hated Being Bing's Brother" from *Life* magazine and "Bing Made a Bobcat out of Me" from the *Saturday Evening Post*, so I thought you might enjoy reading three lesser known pieces—one by Everett and two by Bob. Whatever sibling rivalry might have existed, there's no denying the family pride they show in Bing and his accomplishments.

—Mark Scrimger.



BROTHER BING

By Everett Crosby

Since Bing Crosby won't talk about himself, who's better qualified than his own brother?

I don't know that Bing's ever said which of the pictures he's made is his favorite. But I can tell you. There are two. One is "Going My Way." The other is "Bells of St. Mary's."

Why they're his favorites is interesting. In the role of *Father O'Malley*, Bing doesn't have to make love. He doesn't like to make love. It embarrasses him. He gets all embarrassed when, in front of a set full of people, he has to go into a clinch. When he does have to, his face looks like a piece of boiled scrod. Actually blushes. He's always been that way. It's an old family trait. None of us gets demonstrative in front of people.

In his latest picture, "Welcome Stranger," Bing plays the part of an unmarried doctor who hides his genuine professional skill behind a carefree personality, a pipe and a happy habit of singing and as such is permitted romantic overtures which are obviously tabu in the role of a man of the cloth. Most of these overtures he makes by caressing, not the hands, or the hair, but the ears of Joan Caulfield with "As Long As I'm Dreaming," a wooing ballad certain to make the heart beat faster.

Seems corny to say of a fellow who's as much in the public eye as Bing has been for more than fifteen years, that he's shy; is bashful. But that's a fact—except around close, very old friends.

He HATES to have people come up and pat him on the back. On compliments, he chokes. Even if I should give him a pat on the back, tell him I think he's great—which, very confidentially, I do—he'd think I'd gone crazy.

Why Bing doesn't like to be told he's great is because *he doesn't think that much of himself*. To him, it's all luck.

When we were in New York last Spring we went, one night, to hear Maurice Chevalier sing. After the performance, we went backstage to congratulate Chevalier on the amazing job he did. Bing and Maurice hadn't met since Chevalier left Hollywood, and the Paramount lot, seven, eight, or maybe it was nine years ago. After Bing got through telling Chevalier what a terrific performance he gave, Chevalier started telling Bing how great he thinks it is that, in the years since he has been away, Bing has become so famous. Some one in the group remarked that every house in America has one, or more, of Bing's records. Chevalier said, "Every house in America? Non, non, every house in the world!" Bing said, inching

towards the door, "Awww, nothin' but a lotta luck!"

Bing doesn't know *how* to sing. Has never known *how* to sing. He knows how to *tell* a song. What he does, is recite a poem to incidental music, in a way the mike likes.

But it isn't all luck. Bing, however, believes that it is and because that's what he believes, he'll never act big.

People ask me—reporters, magazine writers, and the like—why Bing won't give interviews anymore; hasn't for some years. Why he won't, it's the same thing—it's talking about himself, he just won't do it. Same with photographs—portrait sitting, I mean. He hates sitting for pictures, won't do it and drives Paramount crazy since, with no new ones in the files, they have to use the old ones; *have* to. Same with making public appearances, unless it's for a good cause, like benefit and camp appearances, he just won't make them. In New York, the few times he goes to New York, he won't stay *in* New York, he stays out on Long Island where he can be, relatively speaking, alone.

For years, although asked a number of times, Bing wouldn't sing in the Hollywood Bowl. "That's for the big singers," he'd say. And kept on saying until Paul Whiteman asked him. Then he did. But that was different. That was Whiteman asking. Whiteman, his friend of more than twenty years. Anything for an old friend.

Bing's very loyal, very loyal, indeed, to all his old friends. Every time he starts a picture, he gives the studio a list of some fifteen or twenty old trouser pals, with instructions that they be given work in the picture. Some he knew as far back as the days when he and Al Rinker, in a band known as The Musicaladers, played a vaudeville house in Spokane. Others he worked with when, later, as "Crosby and Rinker, Two Boys And A Piano, Singing Songs In Their Own Way," the "two boys" were doing just that. He and Al, with Harry Barris became a trio, known as Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys, then toured with Whiteman for three years until, in 1930, the band appeared in Universal's "The King of Jazz," which marked brother Bing's unspectacular film debut.

When he first submitted this list of his cronies to the studio (*probably as far back as 1932, when he made "The Big Broadcast"*) the studio balked. The Casting Department made like turning thumbs down. Bing just shrugged. "Okay," he said. "Get yourself a new boy."

Now, and for some time past, when Bing is starting a

picture, the studio, hep to the routine, which is a fixture, simply hands Bing a list of the old pals they've called to take "The Road To Zanzibar" or "The Road To Utopia" or whatever the film may be, for his okay. Harry Barris has worked with Bing, in some capacity, if only a bit part, in almost every picture Bing's ever made and he uses the fifteen or twenty others as much as possible.

With people he knows very well Bing can be, and usually is, at ease. His idea of fun—in addition to golf, of course—is getting out with a bunch of guys he knows. No doubt about it but that the tag, "A Man's Man," fits the Groaner like the gloves he doesn't wear. The small talk, the pretty talk, the soft talk, stock-in-trade of the successful "Ladies' Man" is not for brother Bingle. But this doesn't mean he doesn't enjoy a party where every face, whether worn by male or female, is a familiar face.

Like the party Charley and Millie Burns recently gave for Anita Colby at 21 in New York. Bing sang that night. Bing sang *all* night. Morton Downey was there. Bing and Morton sang. Separately and together. In a group of these people, these friends, Bing LOVES to sing. "Remember this song?" he'll ask, going into it. Then, chain-singing, "And *this* one?" But if asked to stand up and sing, perform like, at some one's house, he couldn't do it for all the tea in China.

Gags, he loves. Ribs. Practical jokes.

Out of the seven kids in our family, Bing is probably the closest of us to his mother. He goes to see her more often than any of us. And, to our mother, Bing is, hands down, the Great Thing. Nothing else but him. You'd think, almost, he was the only son and, because it's reciprocal, everything's okay. It's always been that way, always this very, very close bond between them. When we were growing up, I could fight, I remember, with Larry, or Ted, or Bob, muss 'em up, but if I laid a hand on Bing I was in trouble! The way it was, Bing could do something wrong and, with mother, it was right!

Bing is, essentially, and very much, a family man. The most important thing in his life is his family. He takes his kids seriously, very seriously. He watches closely over their education. He watches even more closely over their recreation. He never fails, unless he's out of town, to attend Sunday Mass with them. He talks to them a lot about sports. Football, baseball, tennis, boxing. He goes with them, whenever he can, *and* he can, to sports events. He has talked to them a lot about music and singing and has now got them singing four-part harmony. All four boys have good voices and Lindsay, the nine-year-old youngest, can sit down and play popular songs by the yard, and by ear.

Every Christmas Eve, Bing and the kids go from house to house, singing carols. They go, first, to the folks' house, to the houses of Bing's friends, to my house.

I've never, in my life, seen kids that mind any quicker than Bing's kids mind him. He says something to them, says it once, and that's that.

At our house, last Christmas Eve, as an example, the kids were at the bar having ginger ale, cracking nuts,

having themselves a time when Bing said, "All right, boys, let's have the songs" and before the last word was out of his mouth, the four boys had dropped everything and were on their feet. As a parent myself, I'm sure I do not need to tell other parents that most kids would pull a "Just a minute, Dad" or "Just one more nut," but not Gary, Philip, Michael and Lindsay. When Bing tells them to do something—boom, they do it!

When Bing was in the East last Spring, he kept one eye on, so to speak, the calendar. He'd set his date of departure for May 15th or May 20th and not a day later because his kids were getting out of school in early June and he was taking them with him to his ranch in Nevada where he planned to spend, and is spending, the Summer with them. And nothing was allowed to interfere, and nothing did interfere, with Bing's Summer with his kids. At Paramount, they're preparing "Connecticut Yankee" which, in September *and* in Technicolor, he and Judy Garland will make. But nothing, neither picture nor radio nor any other thing, until then. The Summer belongs to the boys.

At the ranch, Bing sees to it that the kids roll up their jeans and do things. He's always said that a kid born with a silver spoon in his mouth is a kid born with a handicap. When we were kids, the seven of us, Larry, Ted, Bing, Catherine, Mary Rose, Bob and I, at home in Spokane, Washington, we doggone well had to help with the dishes, mow the lawn, do the chores or they didn't get done and we knew it. When we boys wanted to go to the movies Saturday night, we had to hustle and earn that quarter or there *wasn't* any movie. We knew that, too. "When I tell my kids to help with the dishes or mow the lawn," Bing once said, "they know they don't *have* to do it; know that if they don't do it, the servants will and that it's only the old man trying to build character. And that's bad. At the ranch, the man-shortage being what it still is, there *are* things that have to be done, things that, if they are to get done, *they* have to do. And that's good."

Bing probably has less use (*less personal use, I mean*) for money than any man I know. He spends a lot of money—this may surprise you—on his clothes but he buys—this won't surprise you—the lousiest clothes in the world. He goes to a good tailor, the best. He buys good materials but the colors, to use a rude but, in this connection completely descriptive word, *stink*. Even his tailor laughs at his selections. He doesn't care. The fact that he is color-blind provides him with a partial alibi, but only partial, since he could take the advice of his well-wishers. He could take heed of his tailor's unseemly but, and with good reason, uncontrollable mirth. He doesn't. By now, however, Bing's wardrobe, dizzy as it is, has become a stock-in-trade.

After his house in Toluca Lake burned down, he bought a house, a very fine house, in Holmby Hills. He has his ranch. Both places are beautifully furnished. But, except in the matter of signing the checks (*which I do for him*), no thanks to him. For, to Bing, a chair is some-

thing to sit on. A bed is something to sleep in. A table is something to eat on. What "period" the chair is, or the bed, or the table, he wouldn't know. If you asked him what color-scheme his own bedroom is done (*green and brown—although I'm slightly color-blind, too—it looks to me*) he wouldn't know what a color-scheme is!

He has the worst-looking dressing room on the Paramount lot. All the others are fixed up fine and fancy, but for fifteen years, Bing's has remained as is. They can clean it for him, but that's about all. Let the matter of redecorating it be mentioned and "Leave it alone," Bing says, "It's good enough for me!"

He has taken a little interest, lately, in buying pictures—Russells and Remingtons, mainly, one or two by Munnings, the English painter of horses. He first started getting picture-conscious when for Christmas a couple of years ago, I gave him a Russell. A while later, "Buy me some pictures," he asked me. "You come with me," I said. "Show me what you want and I'll buy them for you." "What do I care what they are," he said. "YOU buy them!"

Bing can get pretty stubborn. Anything he doesn't want to do, he just won't do and the more people ask him to do it, the further away he gets.

I've been asked whether Bing is lazy. The answer is, he isn't lazy, he just *acts* lazy. Slow-motion. How it is with Bing, he isn't either lazy or energetic. He never presses, but he gets more work done than any fellow you ever saw.

He's on the set, the first one, at nine o'clock every morning, with rarely a miss in fifteen years. He either gets there on time, to the tick, or—not at all. Punctuality is a Must with him. Make an appointment with Bing for such and such a time and you better be there—HE is.

When, awhile ago, he was to be on the *Vox Pop* program, the director was scared, doubtful that Bing'd get there on time. He not only was there, he was the FIRST one there. He let the others in.

But everything Bing does, he does quickly, nonchalantly, without apparent effort. Never, as I've said, presses. He's always been this way. As a kid, Bing was always a pretty smart kid. A long way from being a long-hair, with "A" grades, he got along fine without much work. A very retentive reader, he remembers what he reads, gets it by heart. And he's always been a great reader—especially of Somerset Maugham and Christopher Morley, who are his favorites.

Even when he quits things, he quits quietly. Makes up his mind to quit something—boom, he quits it. Goes on the wagon—just quits, boom! Makes up his mind to quit smoking as, almost a year ago he did, never says anything about it, how hard it is, or how easy, just lets it go. Even I didn't know he'd quit smoking until last Christmas when I gave him a couple of swell pipes only to find out, then, that he'd quit.

10 He has, however, talked some, in the past—been

talking for years, in fact—about quitting pictures. But he doesn't talk about it now as much as he used to. Now that they've taken him for the American Character, now that he has become, as a couple of writers put it, "A symbol of free America. A legend," he feels, I know, a sense of responsibility.

He lives up to his responsibilities, does Brother Bing. He never, I say this for him, lets a fellow down, whether father, mother, wife, kids, sisters, brothers, friends or fans, whose long and loyal affection he returns.

"It's got to be a sort of habit with me now," he says. "This routine in pictures and on the air. If I quit either one, I guess it'll have to be by public demand."

This article originally appeared in *Silver Screen*, September 1947. The type was reset without editorial changes. Original pictures were not reproduced.



Courtesy of Robert Edelstein

Bing: 'greatest pop singer of all time!'

Enough of this mail about Elvis and the Beatles! My letter is about a *real* singer! I'm talking about **Bing Crosby**! The only Crosby movies ever shown on TV are those he made when he was older — **after** his glorious voice had deteriorated with age! There are millions of people who've **never** heard Bing at his **best**! Yet the movies containing that wonderful voice, made when Bing was young, **do** exist! **Why aren't they shown?** A whole new generation would have the opportunity to hear the **greatest pop singer of all time** if those films were televised! I'm talking about classics like 'The Big Broadcast,' 'We're Not Dressing,' 'Two For Tonight,' 'Rhythm On The Range' and all the others he made between 1931 and 1936.

Carl Lee, Philadelphia

The Intimate Life of Bing Crosby

By Bob Crosby

I had just turned five when I asked my big 17-year-old brother Bing to teach me how to swim. "Sure, I'll do it," he promised, so that afternoon, we went to a small lake near Spokane.

His lesson was simple, fundamental, and typical of Bing. He threw me in the lake and watched me struggle to keep my head above water. But, somehow I wasn't afraid. If something should happen, I knew Bing was there to help. He's always been there.

Bing is an introvert, which makes him appear brusque at times, without intention. You see, although he is a very sentimental, good-hearted guy, he can't show his emotions, except when he sings. That's why his expressive voice has a certain quality which makes him popular. That voice is Bing, or more specifically, the side of him which is known only to those closest to him, and often not even to them.

As much as possible, Bing avoids being put in a position where he has to accept thanks. For example, look how he helped me get started in show business.

In 1934, I formed my own band. As it was customary then—and to a certain degree still is today—I started with road hops. But before long, we stopped hopping. No more dough! In desperation, I wired Bing for funds—and was turned down cold! But just as I was ready to call it quits, I got the necessary money from a third party, who had been instructed by Bing to help me out, without letting me know where the help came from.

He wanted me to learn to stand on my own feet, and to make it impossible for me to thank him.

Bing was always hesitant to accept appreciation in any form. When he heard that he had won an Academy Award for his performance in "Going My Way," instead of accepting the Oscar himself, he asked Mom and Dad to get it for him.

As far back as I remember, Mom was—and still is—the matriarch of our family. None of us ever made an important decision without first consulting her. As a matter of fact, without her help Bing might never have gotten into show business.

When he first left home, he headed for Seattle to get a job with a band on a boat bound for China, to earn enough money to continue his college education. But when he got to Seattle, he couldn't get the job, so decided to work his way down the West Coast instead. Before he could get started, however, he needed cash, and the cash came out of Mother's teapot, from the nickels and dimes and quarters reserved for emergencies. As you know, his trip to California led to his discovery by Paul Whiteman, and the real beginning of his rapid rise to fame.

Bing is a contradictory type of person. He works very hard, yet basically he is lazy. He would like nothing better than to retire to his ranch, play a little golf, read and listen to music. Why doesn't he?

First of all, he isn't as wealthy as his pal, Bob Hope, would make you believe he is. For instance, to pay for the inheritance tax after Dixie died last year, he had to sell quite a bit of his property. Secondly, Bing has a keen sense of responsibility. He is cognizant that hundreds, if not thousands of people depend on him for their jobs, directly or indirectly, through his work in pictures, his recordings, his many outside activities. Also, he wants to provide security for his boys.

As a father, Bing is quite strict. He intentionally keeps his private life out of the news as much as possible, so the boys won't get a "big head," and will have a chance to grow up as normal youngsters.

When they are old enough to decide for themselves, Bing reasons, they can go ahead and do anything they please. But first they have to complete their education.

Bing, himself, has always regretted that he never finished college. He had three years of it, including two years of pre-law. I am sure he would have made an excellent lawyer. For that matter, he would have also made a wonderful writer. I still have some of the letters he wrote me when he went on tour with Paul Whiteman. Later, when I played in the same cities, I felt as if I had been there before, from Bing's wonderful descriptions in letters from these places. I guess some of the blood of Henry Longfellow, which runs in our veins, is still noticeable in him today.

Eddie Muller, a tenor-sax player in my band, has been with me for fifteen years. Eddie's son, Eddie Jr., made several applications for medical school without even getting an interview. I asked Bing to help, even though Eddie, Sr., was convinced that Bing had too many things on his mind to bother.

However, next day, Bing called several doctors he knew, and a week later, forwarded to Eddie copies of the letters the doctors had written to the Universities, and the answers they received. Eddie, Jr., promptly got his interviews.

The way Bing handled the whole matter showed not only his willingness to help, but that he went about it in an organized, methodical manner, and that once again, he did it in such a way that made it impossible for us to thank him.

In his associations, Bing is one of the most democratic people I know. At his ranch in Nevada, he draws no line between ranchers and ranchhands. There are no "big

shots" and "little people" at Elko, just people.

You should have seen him at four in the afternoon at the Bel Air Country Club, playing golf with six caddies—often to the consternation of some of the more "conservative" members!

I'm proud that Bing is my brother, but it isn't always easy to take! He still considers me "the baby," and probably always will. That's a drawback. But then, I console myself that millions of other kid-brothers are in the same position.

More difficult, however, is our relationship in regard to my career. If, on my shows, I don't mention Bing, the audience resents it. They expect me to make at least one

reference to him. If I mention him, invariably someone will complain, "Why don't you get by on your own?" One fellow even called me up and said, "I have a bet on with a few guys. Every time you mention Bing on your program, I pay them two bucks. Every time you don't, they pay me five. There are four of them and only one of me. How about helping a guy out?"

So, you see, anyway you look at it, I can't win. But having a brother like Bing, I can't lose either.

This article originally appeared in *FilmLand*, June 1953. It has been reset without editorial changes. Pictures have not been reproduced.

Bing Crosby's Decca Recordings with the Bob Crosby Orchestra

October 14, 1938

You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby

C91511-A-B

With Bob Crosby & His Orch.

Decca 2147

Old Folks

C91512-A-B

Decca 2123

My Reverie

C91513-A-B

Decca 2123

December 13, 1940

Tea For Two (with Connee Boswell)

DLA-2271-A

With Bob Crosby's Bob Cats

Decca 3689

Yes Indeed! (with Connee Boswell)

DLA-2272-A-C

Decca 3689

December 16, 1940

New San Antonio Rose

DLA-2274-A

With Bob Crosby & His Orch.

Decca 3590

It Makes No Difference Now

DLA-2275-A-B

Decca 3590

December 23, 1940

Dolores

DLA-2290-A-B-C

With Bob Crosby's Bob Cats

Decca 3644

Pale Moon

DLA-2291-A-B-C

Decca 3887

May 25, 1942

Lazy

DLA-2989-A-B

With Bob Crosby & His Orch.

Decca 18427

Let's Start the New Year Right

DLA-2990-A-B

Decca 18429

I've Got Plenty To Be Thankful For

DLA-2991-A

Decca 18426

May 27, 1942

I'll Capture Your Heart (w/Fred Astaire
and Margaret Lenhart)

DLA-2996-A

With Bob Crosby & His Orch.

Decca 18427

When My Dreamboat Comes Home

DLA-2998-A

With Bob Crosby's Bob Cats

Decca 18371

Walking the Floor Over You

DLA-2999-A

Decca 18371

December 17, 1946

That's How Much I Love You

L-4337-A

With Bob Crosby's Bob Cats

Decca 23840

Rosa of Santa Rosa

L-4338-A

Decca 23840

(Both w/The Chickadees)

Our Mom, KATE CROSBY

By Bob Crosby

Bing's kid brother tells the delightful story of Kate Crosby's methods in bringing up a houseful of rambunctious youngsters.

A few weeks ago my brother Ted, going through some old papers, found one of the notes our mother used to leave for us on the kitchen table. It read: "Catherine will peel the potatoes — Mary Rose dust the dining room — Ted scrub the kitchen floor — Harry fill the woodbox. If that woodbox isn't full, you'll hear from me, Harry." To me that note brought back vividly the sound of a voice at the back door of the old house in Spokane: "Bob, come here!" Ma called only once, and since she kept her stick handy, we came. No nonsense about its hurting her worse than it did us! Ma was as strong in her convictions as she was in will and muscle.

Today at eighty-seven or eighty eight — we're not sure which — mother is as much the matriarch, the force that holds us all together, as she was when that note was written, some forty years ago. Behind the soft-spoken gentlewoman that she is today, we can all still see the slim, beautiful, blue-eyed young Irish housewife who made us toe the mark. When she calls, we still come.

Of the brood of seven that Kate Crosby reared, with all too little help from our wonderful, lovable but sometimes irresponsible father, Larry came first — then Everett, Edward (Ted), Harry (Bing), Catherine, Mary Rose and myself. Dad, for whom Bing was named, was a bookkeeper for a produce house. He never made much money, never knew the value of a dollar and loved life and people too much to care.

"Nothing's too good for Kate!" said dad. His paydays were a sort of game with us. We never knew what he'd bring home — a washing machine, a vacuum cleaner, a huge radio with colored lights and fancy knobs and all that good stuff. Ma never complained, never hurt his feelings. *Well*, the look in her eye seemed to say, *here we go again!* We never could afford it, and at the end of the "trial period" the dealer always got it back.

Ma believed a man should be head of the family and she saw to it that dad was. Yet she was forced to do all the managing, and whatever ma had to do, she could do. She was born Catherine Harrigan, one of two girls and four boys, in Stillwater, Minnesota. Among my earliest memories are her stories of how her grandmother stood off the Indians with a musket. These tales, told while she



Mother and son Bob, her youngest. She considers her age a taboo subject, but her family figures she is close to eighty-seven.

baked bread or mended shirts or knit sweaters for someone, were never just idle reminiscences. She told them to all of us to help prepare us for life. "Whatever you have to do, you can do!" was the way they always ended.

Ma proved this at my birth, which occurred (as best we can estimate it) in her fortieth year. Ma's dearest friend was Maggie Nesbitt, who told fortunes and read horoscopes. Some of Maggie's predictions became eerie legends in the Irish community in which we lived. But since ma and Maggie were both devout Catholics, they emphasized that it was all in fun. "It's just ignorant superstition," ma said, "and don't you kids ever forget it!"

When her pains started, ma sent first for Maggie, then for the doctor. The doctor took one look and began preparing for a quick birth. "Don't bother!" said ma.

"The signs are bad. I'll not be having the baby until tomorrow."

"That," said the doctor, "is what you think. The child will be born in two hours."

How she did it, or how much it hurt, we'll never know. But I wasn't born until sixteen hours later, when the signs had improved.

We were all born at home. We couldn't afford hospitals, nor could ma relax her grip on the household. As soon as a child was big enough, he was assigned to his chores. Usually his first duty was taking care of the next baby. By the time I was born, the girls could help with the housework, so Bing, who had taken care of them, now became my baby sitter. Ma tells the story of when Bing was first brought in to see the new baby. "What is it, ma?" he snapped.

"A boy, Harry," said ma, who to this day has never called him Bing. "It better be!" Bing said ominously. He was fed up with taking care of sisters. He went out without even looking at me. Maggie Nesbitt would have predicted that he'd pay for this by having to wait through five sons of his own, before getting a daughter.

Bing was not the only one from our neighborhood to become famous. Mildred Bailey, Eric Johnston and Patrice Munsel also came from our part of Spokane. I can think of as many who went to the penitentiary. Ma didn't try to keep us from running with the tough kids, but we were expected to bring our friends home and we had to be home by dark, so we never got too thick with the riffraff. When Larry and Everett started to college, they were allowed to stay out until midnight on certain days, but at the stroke of twelve all doors were locked.

One night Everett didn't quite make it. It was about five after twelve when he tossed a handful of gravel at the folks' upstairs window. Ma raised the window. "Go sleep in the Williams's tent!" she said — and slammed the window down. Harry Williams, who lived down the street, was a pal of Everett. For some reason there was always a tent in their yard all summer. That's where Everett spent that night.

Ma had to be strict. For over thirty years she had growing boys on her hands, and the entire neighborhood depended on her as we did, and used her as I'm afraid we used her. In time of trouble it was Kate Crosby that people called first. One of her relatives was a nurse, and from her ma learned all she could about the care of the sick. During the influenza epidemic of World War I, when Larry and Everett were in the service and all the rest of us were sick in bed, the doctor called only once.

The poor overworked man took our temperature, felt of our pulses and put on his hat. "I'm wasting my time here, Mrs. Crosby," he said. "You're doing everything for them that I could do." And at the same time ma was doing it for half a dozen other households that had sick people.

I was about four when one night a call came from a house where there had been a sudden death. I don't

know why ma took me along, because I was too small to

help. All I remember is hearing a commotion at the front door. Someone was weeping bitterly. Then ma came running up the stairs. "Bob, get dressed at once!" she said.

Ma had a slim figure but a strong one, and she didn't know how to walk slowly. She pulled me along through the dark for several blocks. When we got there, the house was full of people paralyzed by shock and grief. The priest had been called, but we got there first. A woman threw herself into ma's arms, screaming, "Kate, oh, Kate!" Ma patted her back and said, "There now, he was a good man. But he's gone now, and here's what we must do —"

She called the family doctor, who would have to sign the death certificate, and the undertaker. When I dozed off in a chair, she was on the phone again, saying, "You roast a chicken and see if those cousins will bake some beans. I'll bring fresh bread in the morning — I have to bake anyway." When she woke me up to go home, people were already bringing food for the next day. When I got up in the morning, I could smell her bread baking in the oven.

Looking back, it seems to me that ma just went from one emergency to another, but I don't think she ever fainted in her life, and it's hard to remember tears in her eyes. That's why people turned first to her. Kate Crosby could be firm without giving pain, and her mind seemed to leap from a problem to its solution without being overwhelmed by emotion. She knew what had to be done and did it, and in her busy helpfulness people found the greatest comfort of all.

When I was about six I went through a phase where I absolutely revered brother Ted, who was then the oldest one still at home. Ted loved to hunt, and I dreamed of the day when I'd be big enough to go with him. I hung around the sidewalk when he was out on a hunt, waiting for him to come with his game. I went to his room with him while he changed clothes, cleaned his guns and put them away. Besides a rifle or shotgun, he carried a .45 pistol. He always unloaded the guns before coming back to town and, as he changed, he let me handle them to teach me respect for firearms.

One day he forgot and left a cartridge in the .45. I had been told never to pull the trigger, but this time I did. Twice, nothing happened. The third time, the gun went off with a roar. Ted was straightening up after untying his shoe, and the bullet hit the window less than a foot from his head. He stared at me with a look I'll never forget. I was too terrified even to put the gun down.

Downstairs ma heard the shot and my scream — and then only silence. Up the steps she came at a run. She flashed through the door just as Ted came out of his daze and reached for the gun. Having kids of my own now, I can imagine the terror she felt, and then her gratitude. But none of it showed on her white face. "What are you going to do now, Ted?" was all she said.

"I think," said Ted, "that I'll take him over to the church and say a few prayers." Ma turned and went out.



1934: Bing with his father, the late Harry Crosby. An easygoing man, the elder Crosby had a penchant for buying his family presents on the installment plan.

She knew that we had both learned a lesson.

But she was not always so easily put off. We were all warned never to swim in McGoldrick's millpond on the river. The water was deep and cold and usually full of saw logs. Nevertheless, several generations of boys swam there, stark naked, playing on the logs, sunbathing on sand bars and hitting the water when the passenger trains passed. One day Ted and Bing went in and stayed too long. They got gloriously sunburned and were so sick that they went to bed immediately after dinner. This was so unlike them that ma went up to see what was the matter.

Ted and Bing slept together. "We got a little sunburned, ma, playing in the sprinklers on Buck Williams's lawn," they said piteously. Ma snatched off the covers, and there they lay, ruby-red all over — including the parts that their trunks would have covered had they been playing on somebody's lawn. "Ha!" ma said and went out. After their sunburns healed, Ted and Bing caught it good — partly for swimming in the millpond, partly for lying and partly, I think, for just having the gall to think they could fool her.

I was always a strong brat, and Bing's way of caring for me was to take me with him and teach me to do whatever he did. This included swimming in the millpond. One day when I was about eight or nine, a cord of

wood was delivered to the house. I was told to split it and stack it in the basement. Instead I sneaked off and tagged after Bing to McGoldrick's millpond.

I was a strong swimmer for my age, but that day I came up from a dive, hit a sawlog with my head, knocked myself cold, and would have drowned had not Bing fished me out. I forget how ma heard about it or how she punished Bing. But I'll never forget how she handled me. She had threatened once or twice to put me on a leash if I ran away again. This time she did, tying the leash to the clothesline, so I could move around. But not to play! The clothesline gave me just room enough to stack the wood in the basement.

Bing was about fifteen when a city pool opened in our neighborhood, with a big swimming meet. Bing had become an expert swimmer, but it wasn't something he could admit at home. When ma said she wanted him to enter, all Bing could say was, "Aw, ma, I can't swim well enough!" Ma said, "Then you will practice!" She relieved him of his household duties and at least once led him by the ear to the pool to practice. The older Crosby boys complained of favoritism, but Bing won seven medals.

Complaints of favoritism never bothered ma. Ted was a boy when "wireless" came in. He and a pal built sets, learned the Morse code and sent each other messages across town. So long as he'd practice code, Ted didn't have to scrub floors or wash dishes. When Larry and Everett complained, ma said, "What are you two doing with your time? Learn something useful, and I'll give you all the time you want to work at it!"

Our whole family loved sports, but Larry, Everett and Ted had so many jobs around the house that they couldn't go out for sports as intensively as Bing and I. Even today they refer to us, scathingly, as "these two athletes." Bing was a natural ball player, perfectly coordinated, fast on his feet, and with a cocky, aggressive personality that I think would have carried him far in the professional game.

I learned the catcher's position when I was about seven, thanks to Bing. He had to take care of me and I guess he thought he might as well get some use out of me. At first I retrieved lost balls, but when nobody else would play catcher, Bing volunteered me. I knew better than to cry. Ma would have walloped him, but I never threatened to tell her. While she was at it, she would have whacked me one or two for being a ninny.

I took my lumps until I became a pretty fair catcher, and although I'm sure ma knew what was going on, she never said a word. Later I made an American Legion team. Once I took a foul tip squarely in the mouth. It stunned me and knocked out four front teeth, and I was taken home bleeding like a stuck pig. Ma asked no questions, blamed no one. We were on a streetcar headed for the dentist's office in three minutes flat. The next day I was back behind the plate again. That was the way ma reared us.

With so many of us, with money so scarce and work so plentiful, there was bound to be friction. That was all

right with ma, who didn't expect normal boys to grow up without a few fights. But woe betide the kid who complained to an outsider! "It's a dirty bird that fouls its own nest," she said. Her sense of dignity was tremendous. It was the dignity of the poor, summed up best in the word "decency." So long as the Crosbys were decent people, we could hold our heads up anywhere.

Once, I remember, dad went to a ball game and stopped in for a drink with "the boys" afterward. Dad wasn't a hard drinker, but one of ma's brothers had what was called "a problem." Dad didn't get home until late that night, feeling no pain. As he walked in, ma walked out with her hat on, and she didn't get back until daylight. Where she spent the night, I still don't know — probably drinking tea with Maggie Nesbitt. I was pretty small, and it impressed me terribly. Larry, Everett and Ted say it used to happen about once a year, when they were small.

When the older boys were in school, they had to work at part-time jobs to help pay the bills. They brought their money home to ma, who gave them what she thought they needed. I remember Ted's complaining that he still had to wear knickers, when all of the boys in his class had long pants.

"If you're man enough to wear pants," said ma, "you're man enough to earn them." That's the way we all got our long pants.

Family finances had improved by the time I came along, but we still shared the household work and we still ate plain, simple food — and what's more, liked it. Once I made the mistake of muttering, "Aw, cabbage again?" I had cabbage for breakfast, lunch and dinner for a whole week.

"Had enough cabbage for a while?" ma said then.

"Well, I guess so, ma," I said, "but say, I sure do like it!"

She was strict, but when my brothers and sisters and I got to talking over old times, what we remember is not ma's strictness, but the sound of her voice, singing. We had a piano, and dad played mandolin and guitar. We all brought our friends home — where else would we take them? Ma cooked us huge dinners of mulligan stew, hot bread and bread pudding — and by the way, her bread pudding is still Bing's favorite dessert. After the table was cleared, she joined in the singing with us.

Dad was a patsy for music. One payday he came home with a phonograph, the old, hand-wound kind, and a stack of records. On his face as he came in was that nothing's-too-good-for-my-wife look; on ma's that here-we-go-again expression. But this time dad meant to have his way. Ma somehow kept the payments up, and the phonograph stayed. From it Bing acquired that sure sense of timing and that confident, old-pro ease of delivery that he had even before he left home.

When the time came for us go, ma not only didn't hold us back — she gave us a shove. In World War I there was no talk about how Larry and Everett might escape the draft. "You get in there and do your duty!" said ma.

Even Ted got in for a while, although he was pretty young. When World War II came along, I was the only one of draft age, and I had a growing family and some back income taxes to pay off. I talked it over with mother, as we now call her.

"I don't kid myself that I'll be much help in winning this war," I said, "because I'll get morale duty of some kind, that's all. But it seems to me there ought to be a Crosby in this deal somewhere." Ma nodded serenely.

"Whatever they give you to do, that's your duty," she said, "and if you don't go, you'll always regret it. Your family will make out!"

I spent almost two years in the Marine Corps, all but two weeks of it overseas. My wife, June, got a job in a doctor's office, Uncle Sam waited for his taxes because there was nothing else he could do; and when I came back, ma said, "Harry says he heard you did a fine job out there. I knew you would!" I wouldn't have traded that for a trunkful of medals.

Ma had a bottomless teapot where she saved her household money, and as each of us left home she presented us with a stake. When Bing left, it was to be just a summer job, to earn money to continue his law course at Gonzaga University. He and Al Rinker, Mildred Bailey's brother, a neighbor kid, had bought an old Ford to drive to Seattle, where they hoped to get jobs in a ship's orchestra. Bing had played drums around Spokane for a couple of years, and once ma heard he was playing in a club that had a bad reputation. One night, while the band was in the middle of a number, ma walked in. She had Bing by the ear before he realized she was there.

"Out!" she said, and Bing grabbed his drums and left. So he had a right to expect trouble when he got ready to go to Seattle, but ma not only kissed him good-by — she had eight dollars for him from her teapot. The job didn't materialize, the boys went broke and Bing had to sell his drums to get to Los Angeles. The next thing we knew, he and Al had teamed up with Harry Barris to form the Rhythm Boys, and were working for Paul Whiteman.

I already had a job when I left, singing with Anson Weeks for a fantastic seventy-five dollars a week. He didn't know whether I could sing or not, but by then Bing was the hottest thing in show business, and I was his brother. The day I left, ma reached into her teapot for a ten-dollar bill. Dad's present was a budget that he had worked out for me in his neat bookkeeper's hand — so much for food, so much for transportation, hotels, clothes, even shoeshines.

A few weeks later he wrote me, saying, "It's not the same with all of you gone. Your mother won't even let me keep a bottle in the kitchen. I have to hide it in the garage." A few days later came one from ma: "I think your father has lost his mind in this empty house. He drives in and out of the garage eight or ten times a day." This was her way of letting me know that she knew he was taking a nip now and then, and that she had everything under control.

For the first time in their lives they had no kids to worry about, no money problems. When dad retired, Bing bought them a house in the San Fernando Valley. You could have put dad down in the middle of Death Valley, and he'd have found friends some way, and something to interest him. But I realize now that it was lonely for ma for a while. She didn't know how to slow down.

Then she discovered horse racing. At first she just made "think-bets," but life had always been pretty real for Kate Crosby, and pretending wasn't enough. She bought all the tip sheets, studied forms and records, and could get more mileage out of a two-dollar bet than anyone I have ever seen. She had to have some kind of challenge, and I'll say this for her — she picked a dandy.

I stayed with them whenever I was on the Coast. I was betting the ponies myself then, and not two-dollar bets, either. One day I got a tip on a long shot and phoned a \$100 bet to my bookie. One of his clerks took it, so I didn't get to talk to him. The horse came in, and at the bookie's odds of fifteen to one, I had \$1500 coming. Imagine how I felt when he came around and handed me seventy-five dollars. "Sorry, kid," he said, "but your mother says five bucks is your limit — and what she says goes!"

After dad died, ma insisted on keeping the house. She objected when Bing wanted to hire a driver for her. She went over to Eagle Rock every week to play bridge with some friends her own age — "the girls," she calls them. She still plays with them today, by the way. She was afraid "the girls" would think she was putting on airs. It took Bing, Larry, Everett, Catherine and myself to persuade her that a hired driver was not an unbecoming affectation.

Less than a year later Dixie, Bing's first wife, died, and Bing asked ma to live with him. At first she wouldn't even discuss it. She finally agreed only when Bing pleaded that he needed her help with his four growing boys, but even then she wouldn't sell her furniture. "They'll grow up someday, and I'll want my own home again," she said. When Bing married Kathryn Grant, mother immediately started apartment hunting. "No house is big enough for a bride and a mother-in-law," she declared flatly.

That's where my new sister-in-law proved herself a real solid citizen as far as I'm concerned. Kathryn appealed for mother's help in understanding not only her new husband but the whole Crosby tribe. "She says she needs me!" mother said to me skeptically a few days before the wedding. In my own mind, I'm sure that mother stayed only because she didn't want Kathryn blamed for her leaving.

When Bing and Kathryn's son was born, mother again got ready to leave. They asked her to stay on to help with the baby. About the time mother again started talking about a home of her own, Kathryn had a girl. I went over to see her recently, and she was telling me about Bing's two babies.

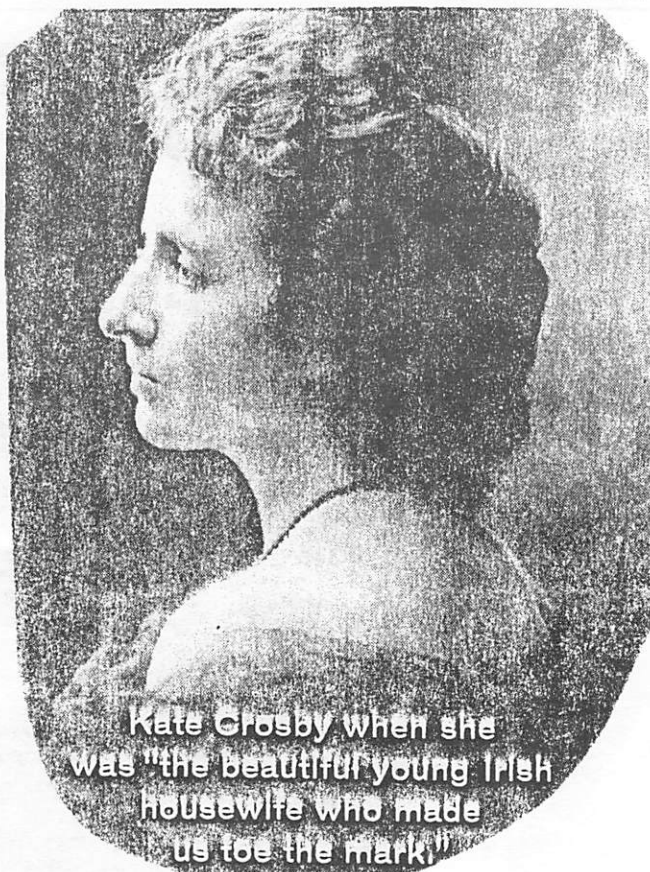
"Isn't it wonderful that I've had all this experience with babies?" she said, with that wise, quizzical smile of hers. "Now I can really feel wanted!"

There were two nurses in the house, and everything money could buy to make babies, safe, well and happy. Nobody was kidding Kate Crosby! But if it made us any happier for her to pretend she was needed — well, she'd go along with the gag. When I told Kathryn about this, she threw up her hands in despair. "I don't care how many nurses and doctors are here," she said, "when I have to be away from home, my last waking thought at night is, *Well, everything will be all right — mother's there!*"

But mother still has her furniture in storage.

Come to think of it, she's even more remarkable as a mother-in-law than as a mother. Few people know that Dixie left a good part of her money to her mother-in-law. Mother keeps track of her twenty-four grandchildren and twenty-one great-grandchildren. There always seems to be one needing an operation or college-tuition money. The bookkeeping must be a big job, because whenever mother writes a check for one kid, she methodically sends one to all the others too.

We've had a few divorces, although not many, considering how many Crosbys there are. Because of her religion, these have hurt mother. When I first brought June to meet mother and dad, in the Valley house, we were both scared stiff. I had been married before, and June knew what she was getting into. Yet all mother said to me was, "Bob, I can't live my children's lives for them."



Kate Crosby when she was "the beautiful young Irish housewife who made us toe the mark."

Just be sure that this is what you want to do."

A couple of years ago when June and I were having our troubles, I tried to keep it from mother. In the newspapers she learned of our separation and sent for me immediately. As I have said, when mother calls, we come. But she wouldn't let me talk about June.

"Let's hear what June has to say about her side. I won't listen to one side, but if you both want to talk about it, I'll listen," she said. After we were back together again and could talk it over, June and I discovered a strange thing: all the time I had felt that mother was a bit unfair to me — that she had favored June; and all the time, June had felt that she favored me! The truth, I think, was that she disapproved of both of us and did her best to make us feel ashamed.

By the time I was born, Larry was a grown man and away from home. By the time he got back for a visit, Everett was gone, and then Ted. At mother's last birthday anniversary we decided it was high time that we all get together with her, for the first time in our lives. I never did get a count on how many of us crowded into Bing's house that day. There were seven of us, plus in-laws, plus grandchildren and great-grandchildren and *their* in-laws.

But what I remember best about that party is the sight of my sisters disposing of their cigarettes before going in to see mother. Now, Catherine and Mary Rose are both grandmothers, but mother has just never learned to approve of women smoking. Mother knows that they smoke, and they know she knows, but that's the way it is.

Likewise, no one took a drink at mother's party. Mother knows that most of us take a drink now and then. Still, we know how she feels, and in her very narrowness we see an integrity that the world can well use today. You can adapt too easily to changing times. You can be too pliable. It's a good thing, we think, for a few strong people to cling to the old ways.

That was the day we ganged up to make mother tell us her age. This is something she has always felt was just none of our business. I think it's a matter of principle with her to keep at least one small barrier between the generations.

We delegated Bing to do it — after all, he's dad's namesake and could always come closest to twisting mother around his finger, as dad used to. Bing sat down beside her and began a long, innocent conversation about old times. "Let's see, which is this — your eighty-seventh or eighty-eighth birthday, mother?" he said finally.

Mother didn't bat an eye. "Well, let's see," she said with a frown. "I was three years younger than your father, wasn't I? Or was it four? I was a bit younger than most of the girls my same age!"

We gave up. We still don't know her age. But whatever it is, I'm sure of one thing — Kate Crosby will always be a bit younger than everybody her own age.

From *The Saturday Evening Post*, October 1, 1960.
This article has been reset without editorial changes. Not all the pictures have been reproduced.



A recent birthday party for mother. Beside her are Catherine (left) and Mary Rose. In rear are Everett (left), Bing, Larry, Ted and Bob.

COME TO THE STABLE

BY BILL HUNT

The house impressed me the first time I saw it. It was large. It was white. It was elegant. It looked like the kind of house that ambassadors, senators, and bankers had been and could be comfortable in. Lush green fields surrounded by tree-covered hills with a babbling brook defined its eastern boundary—a stunning postcard set in one of the most beautiful corners of our world.

And then one day I noticed an "Antiques" flag flying from one of its pillars. The thought crossed my mind that perhaps the present owners had fallen upon some hard times and had opened a little business to help pay the taxes. If I had only known. If I had only stopped.

But this was 1985 and I hadn't yet started my quest for "everything Crosby." However, now in 1993, every antique shop owner in New England is probably tired of seeing me. I often wonder what would have happened if I had walked into that house in 1985 and asked for any "Bing Crosby memorabilia." For the owner of this gorgeous house in 1985 was Florence George Crosby, widow of Bing's brother Everett. This was the spot on earth that one of the most influential people in the entertainment business had come to spend his quiet

years, far away from the plains of Spokane, the pounding surf of California, and the pressure factories of Hollywood.

January 1988 witnessed the launching of my quest for Crosbyana. How that happened is a whole other story I'll have to keep for another time. Suffice it to say that sixty days into my quest I purposely made a trip to Northwestern Connecticut to investigate what treasures this mansion/antique shop might hold.

As I rounded the curve and the house came into focus, I was startled to see a new addition to the front lawn—a large For Sale sign! The house sat dark and empty. There would be no Crosby treasures.

I sat in the car and considered my alternatives, and then it caught my eye. High under the eaves of the adjacent barn I could just make out the words "Fair Acres." Fair Acres? Where had I heard that name before? It was Everett Crosby's old horse ranch!

Just the previous week a bookshop owner in a nearby village had told me about an auction he had gone to at the "old Crosby farm." But it had been dark, a friend had driven, and he couldn't quite



remember its exact location. However, he promised to contact his friend and drop me a line. Well sir, I didn't have to wait for this card. As Joe Venuti would have said, "This must be the place."

Although the house was deserted, I could see some activity in the stable area. The driveway gravel crunched beneath my feet as I approached low-slung white buildings with huge black wrought-iron hinges supporting half-open Dutch style doors. I couldn't help but feel I was entering the set of *Riding High*. I rounded the corner of the corral and immediately came face to face with the largest and ugliest result of a romantic encounter between a Doberman and a Sable-Tooth tiger. There was enough ivory bared at me to keep Skitch Henderson in keyboards for the next thirty years!

Our eyeballs locked, visions flashed through my mind. I could clearly see, when at seven years of age, an ancestor of this sentry had encouraged me to seek safe shelter by fleeing three city blocks in a time that would have made Roger Bannister green with envy. It was also quite clear to me that A) he had no idea of what year Bing joined the Whiteman band, B) alternate takes were completely over his head, and C) he could care less about A and B.

It also occurred to me that this might be a most opportune time to become a Sinatra collector and quickly depart to the warm and musty comfort of a used record store where I might possibly find a mint copy of "Strangers in the Night." You hardly ever hear about a Sinatra fan being eaten by a Doberman any more.

Fortunately at this precise moment, when my life hung in the balance, a body stepped from the shadows of the stable's interior and a voice asked if it could be of assistance. "Fang" immediately assumed the horizontal position of a tuckered-out Kentucky coon dog. My knees voted to stay with my body for the time being, and a firm handshake pulled me back from the depths of Sinatraland.

Within an hour I had learned many fascinating details:

1) Bing had indeed visited Everett at the farm. (One such visit in 1964 is mentioned by Kathryn on page 295 of her book, *My Life with Bing*.)

2) Harry, Jr. still lives close by and occasionally rides his touring bike over to the ranch.

3) I had missed the widow Crosby by ninety days. She had moved on Thanksgiving Day to Maryland with her new husband.

4) The estate was on the market for 3.5 million. A cashier's check for that small pittance would get you a mansion, stables, and 300 acres of pristine fields and woods.

5) Bing picked up the complete tab for the farm from the time Everett died till the day the widow Crosby remarried.

That last revelation floored me. My first reaction was—*why?* Surely Everett had made a ton of money over all those years.

I learned that the costs of supporting a huge stable of Morgan and Arabian show horses are staggering. I questioned whether he really thought that those costs could possibly equal the yearly budget needed to keep three teenagers in milk, pizza, and Reeboks. He assured me it was even higher than that.

I also learned that Everett had eventually invested heavily in some production companies in New York which chewed up money faster than the bank could transfer out funds.

So it was just another example of Bing quietly fixing things behind the scenes like he had done for his parents, Dixie Lee, his sons, Mildred Bailey, Harry Barris, countless other show business friends, and various charities around the world.

I was graciously allowed to explore the house by myself. I entered through the back door into the kitchen. You could have heard a pin drop. Time stood still.

My footsteps echoed off the beautiful marble floors of the main hall. Slanting rays of the departing sun filtered through the floor-to-ceiling french doors of the formal living and dining rooms. At the far end of the house was the den. It was surprisingly small and paneled in deep, rich wood with book-case-lined walls and a handsome fireplace at one end.

I couldn't help but envision Everett and Bing settled into soft leather chairs, smoking their respective cigar and pipe, and discussing record royalties, multi-million dollar movie contracts, and the intricacies of breeding fine Arabians. How many calls had come into this little room from around the world? How many times had NBC, ABC, or CBS called? What family crises had been resolved here?

Fair Acres faded in the rear view mirror as I pulled back onto the highway. A lot of thoughts were on my mind. I sure didn't realize that the best was yet to come.

In July of last year, I started out from Hartford on one of my all-day tag sale expeditions. By mid-afternoon I found myself back at the farm. Tom had a look on his face that fairly shouted, "Have I got a surprise for you!" He rummaged through a rusty old filing cabinet in a corner of the stable while he continued with his running commentary. "A few years ago, shortly after Everett died, some-

thing caught fire in the basement of the house. After the blaze was extinguished, we pulled everything out to determine the extent of the damage. Mrs. Crosby told us to salvage what we thought was useful and throw out the rest. I saved these and it occurred to me after your last visit that you might be interested in them."

With that, he opened a long, musty manila folder and proceeded to lay out on his desk 15 of the most stunning portraits of Bing I had ever seen. These were *not* 8 x 10 studio glossies. Each picture was on heavy portrait paper and measured a full 11 x 14 inches. One was autographed. One very early picture was stamped "Proof" and had the address of a Chicago portrait studio on the back. A corner of one bore scorch marks from the flames.

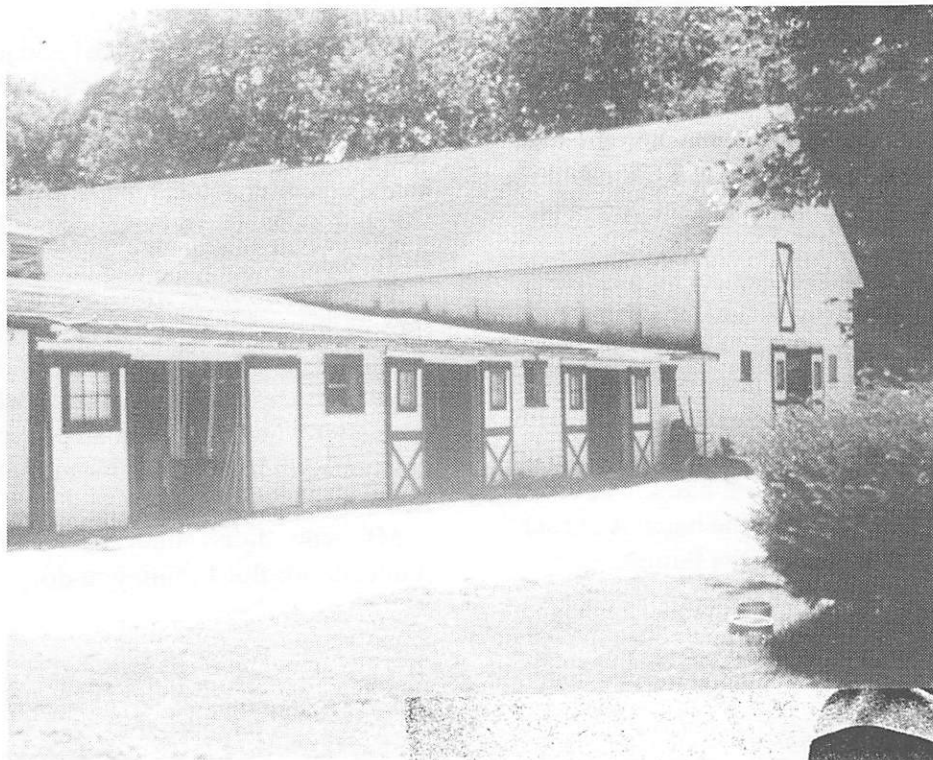
I was speechless. I felt like I had just removed the last stone on King Tut's tomb. Someone was close to hyperventilating, and I suspect it was me. I didn't know what my face was registering, but it must have been interesting, for I heard Tom quietly say, "Well, I guess I had better not tell you about the stuff we threw out."

The ride home seemed like an eternity. I was thoroughly convinced a leftist commando group was waiting behind every curve ready to snatch these treasures away from me. It wasn't until three days later when they were all properly framed and positioned in my Crosby room that I could finally relax.

My wife didn't understand. My kids didn't understand. But I think you do.

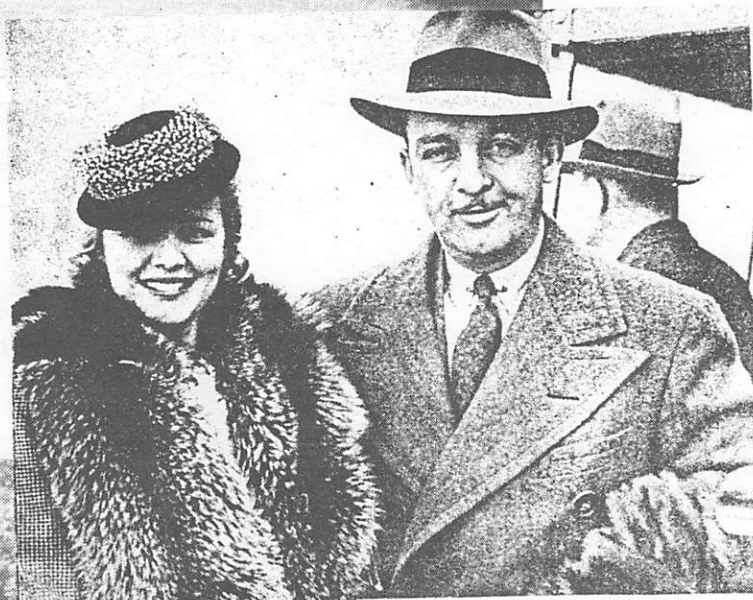


Bill Hunt and his pictures from the stable



Top: Stable and Barn Area

Right: Florence George Crosby
and Everett Crosby



Bottom: Rear of House



The Pictures









I didn't think it would be appropriate to conclude this article without a formal portrait of the lord of the manor. I not only acquired the above 11 x 14 picture of Everett from his farm, but I also received ten additional 8 x 10 glossies. According to the *Guinness Book of World Records*, I am now the proud possessor of the largest collection of Everett Crosby photographs on the planet. Rest assured that not only are they insured by Lloyd's of London but also the combination to the safe is known only to myself and a guy I met on a train to Buffalo.

Seriously, I want to thank Everett for leaving such a wonderful legacy to a Crosby collector he never knew. Also many thanks to Peter La Cava for taking the picture of me with my pictures. And special thanks to Billy Dougal for reducing and preparing these over-large portraits for publication so I could share them with you.

This article was written especially for *Bingang* by Bill Hunt of Farmington, Connecticut. Thanks, Bill, and congratulations on this wonderful "find"!



Bing "Flip" Crosby, right, grandson of the famous crooner, plans to open a nightclub.

It's no joke: This Bing Crosby is the real thing

By Cathy Free

COEUR d'ALENE—One look at his driver's license and people think he's joking. Police officers are especially suspicious of the slim, blond young man with riveting blue eyes.

"Bing Crosby? Come on, kid. Get serious. What's your real name?"

If Bing would simply sing to prove his identity, people might be more likely to believe him. After all, he has a pretty good voice. It's not quite as rich as his grandpa's, but just wait. At age 26, this Bing Crosby has plenty of time.

Most people in the Inland Northwest are familiar with the story of the famous crooner who grew up in Spokane and took classes at Gonzaga before heading to Hollywood, hoping for a lucky break. That Bing Crosby made nearly 60 movies and endeared himself to millions through songs like "White Christmas"—the best-selling record in history.

The grandson who shares his name inherited the Crosby looks and a love for music, but he doesn't know the first thing about living like a millionaire. This Bing Crosby, known as "Flip" to friends, delivers sofas and coffee tables for Coeur d'Alene's Runge Furniture to keep up with the bills. He's also about to open a downtown nightclub with a playful twist on his name.

"We're calling it Club Cherry Bomb," says Crosby, who is busy preparing for Friday's grand opening. "We'll have DJ dance music, and maybe a talent show now and then. But there's no way I'd compete," he adds quickly, his cheeks reddening.

He enjoys imitating his grandfather's smooth style for his wife, Regina, and 1-year-old daughter, Hayden

Marie. However, he's still too shy to show off his vocal range in public.

He admits to toying with the idea of a singing career and has even been wooed by talent agents who like the idea of seeing "Bing Crosby" in lights. But given his preference, he'd rather live the high life of an airline pilot than croon to lonely hearts in smoky lounges.

Growing up in Boise, Crosby often dreamed about flying. Today, he has a pilot's license and frequently rents a small plane to soar over the lake his grandfather retreated to when the pressures of fame became too great. The Crosby house on Hayden Lake is now owned by Philip Crosby, the second Bing's father.

"My dad lives in California but comes here during summer," says Crosby. "I've always loved Idaho since my parents raised me in Boise. But I'd never seen North Idaho until I came up for vacation a few years ago. I liked it so much I came back to stay."

Last year, longtime residents were surprised to hear another Bing Crosby had moved to town. Oldtimers remembered a friendly man with jug ears who would make small talk at local coffee counters and ask advice about hunting and fishing. They soon discovered his grandson wasn't much different, except his ears and bank account were smaller.

People often ask Crosby to relay stories about his grandfather, but there isn't much to recall. When the elder Bing died in 1977, Crosby was 11 years old, caught up in schoolwork and Little League baseball.

"I usually only saw my grandpa on summer vacations," he says, "but whenever one of his shows was on TV we'd gather around. For Christmas, he'd send notebooks and pencils, maybe a ruler. He wasn't much for spoiling us." Crosby's parents passed along that same discipline. Schoolmates often teased young Bing about his famous name until they realized he wasn't much different than them.

Still, it hasn't been easy going through life as Bing Crosby. People sometimes expect too much.

"My grandpa brought lots of joy to lots of people," says Crosby. "There will never be another like him."

Well, maybe not. But don't be surprised if you turn on the radio and hear a voice that is hauntingly familiar. If Bing Crosby gets over his stage fright, he wouldn't mind performing his favorite song, "White Christmas." Perhaps then, police and cashiers will finally believe him when he tries to convince them he didn't forge his driver's license.

This article originally appeared in the *Spokesman Review* in December 1992. It was sent to us by Don Eagle. The type has been reset on our computer with minor changes in paragraphing. The article was also picked up by the Associated Press, and we have seen several condensed versions in various newspapers.

Bing Crosby's Family Life

Caroline Dawson's series on Bing's homes continues with these two articles on the house which was located at 10500 Camarillo St., North Hollywood.



THERE are no two people in Hollywood more informal than Bing and Dixie Crosby. Bing's informality over the radio is what differentiates him from other masters of ceremony. Even the Philosopher of the People—Bob Burns—doesn't live as informally as the Crosbys. People on the Great Outside ask more often of them than of any other stars, "How do they live? What's their home like?" So, it is with pardonable pride that SCREENLAND offers the first pictures and description of their home.

The house is Southern Colonial or Mt. Vernon style, if you prefer. That is a concession to Dixie's Southern ancestry. On either side of the front door are two white benches which, in days long gone, served as pews in a New England church. And the iron dogs once served as foot-scrapers to some of our Pilgrim fathers in a time before paved streets, when only their feet got muddy and their souls re-

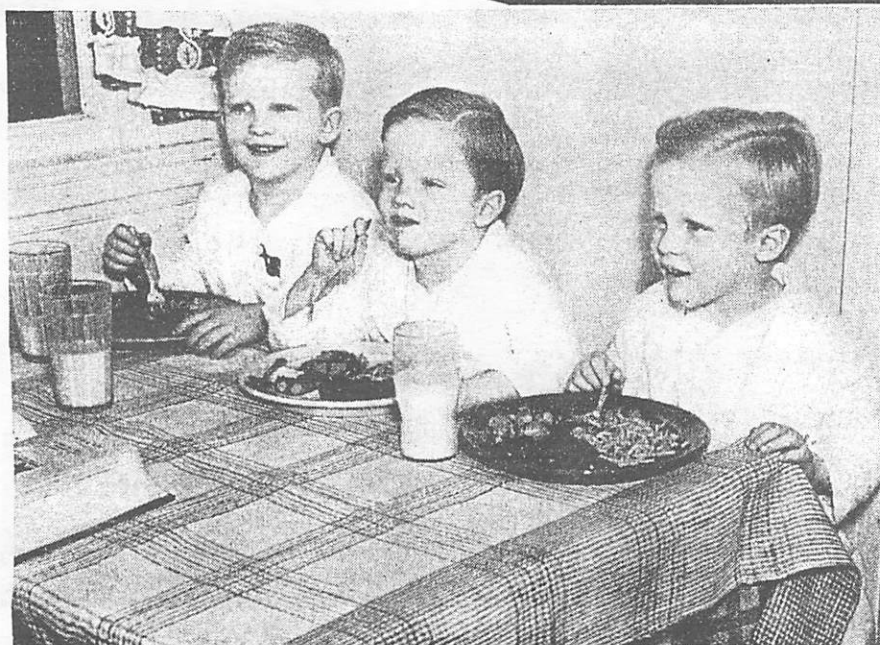


Rare treat and real scoop! The Bing Crosbys welcome you SCREENLAND readers to their home with exclusive pictures

By
S. R.
Mook



BING CROSBY HOME PICTURES COURTESY OF H. W. GRIEVE, FRED R. DAPPRICH, PHOTOGRAPHER, EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE DESIGNATED BY LEN WEISSMAN.



Only real friends are ever invited to Bing Crosby's home, pictured above, to meet the swell Crosby kids—see exclusive nursery picture at left showing Gary, Dennis, and Philip at lunch—and the beautiful Dixie Lee Crosby, pictured at far left across the page with Bing and their youngest son. First exclusive home pictures for SCREENLAND include the most-used rooms in Crosby menage—see two pictures below showing the library-den, with Bing's desk, trophy cupboard, pipe-racks, and telephone most frequently used by Crosby. It's a real home, as well as one of the most attractive in Hollywood. Now turn page for more pictures.

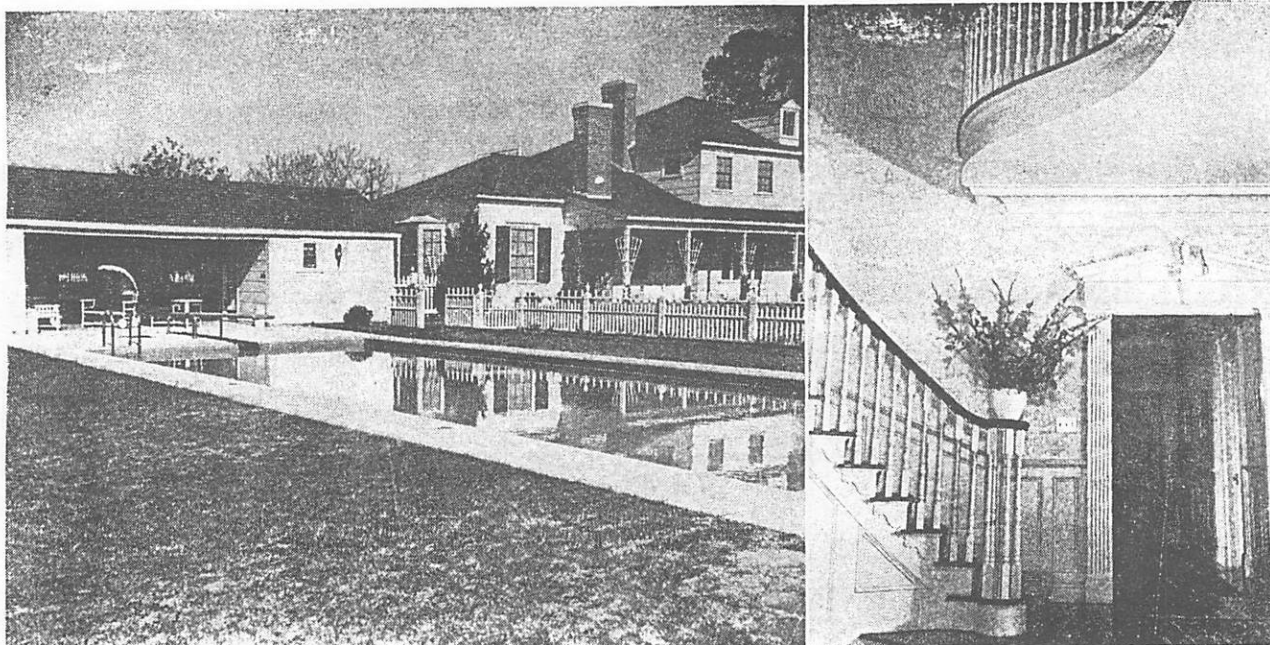


Len Weissman photos

mained as spotless as the driven snow.

The entrance hall is spacious but severely simple. Entering, a guest is flanked on one side by a bench and on the other by a door to the coat closet—which is usually so filled with Bing's paraphernalia there is little room for aught else. Through a pillared archway one gazes at a beautiful Georgian staircase curving gracefully to the upper floor. The wallpaper is a Chinese Chippendale in soft gray. To the right is a mahogany Chippendale table and mirror with a bowl of flowers in the center and a Southern hurricane shade around a brass candlestick at either end. Opposite is an old Grandfather's clock.

Off the entrance hall, one door leads to the playroom, another arch leads to a long passage-way off which open the den, the downstairs guest room and, at the far end, the huge living room. This passage is lined with fine prints of famous race horses: Twenty Grand, Blue Larkspur, Billy Barton and Jolly Roger.



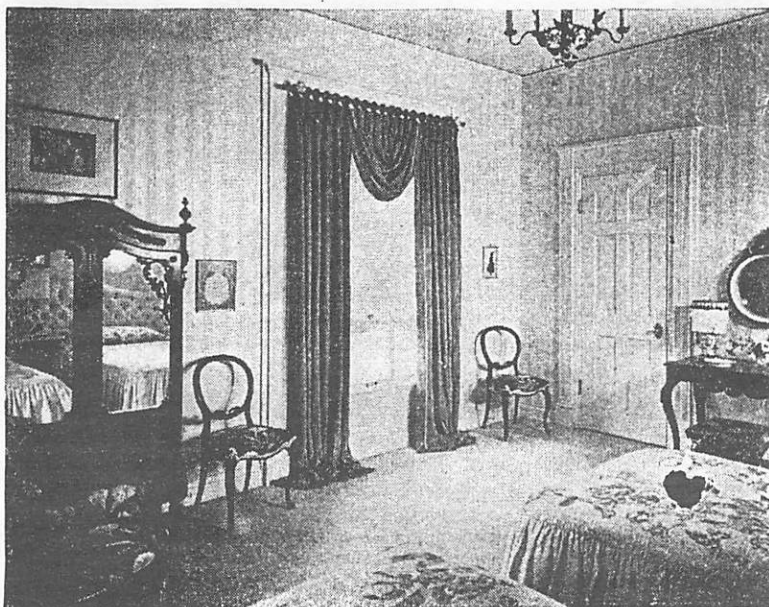
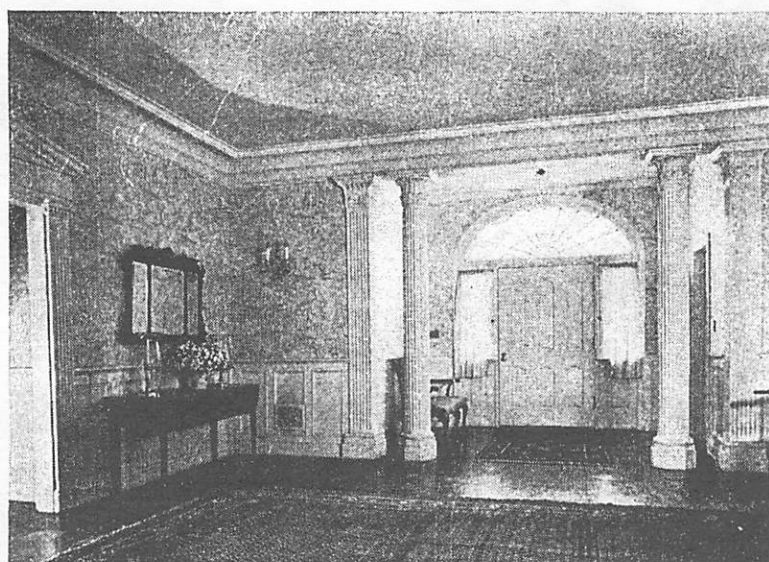
Photos above by Len Weissman, Helms, courtesy H. W. Grace, by Fred R. Dapprich.

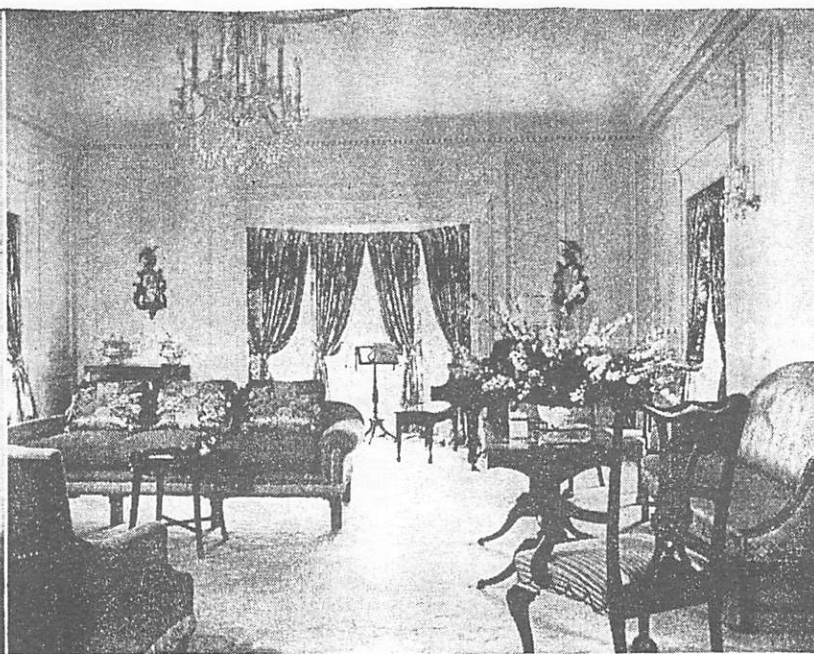
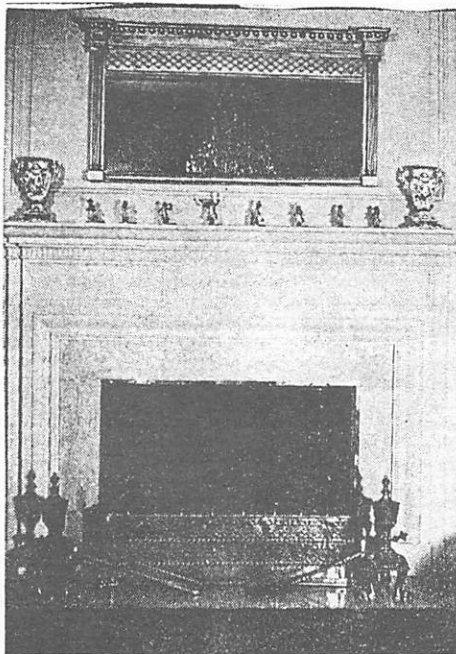
The Crosbys live simply in elegant surroundings—an achievement in Hollywood! Above, view of pool, dressing-rooms, and rear of house. Upper right, the lovely Georgian staircase. Right, impressive entrance hall. Lower right, the downstairs guestroom, called "The Morning-Glory Room" because of antique chandelier of morning-glory design. Note unusual miniature Victorian wardrobe and dressing-table. Read our story for detailed description of all the furnishings.

The living room is enormous—about 34 x 23. (See photograph on Page 31.) The exquisite crystal chandelier is reputedly one of the finest in the country, costing a mere \$1800. The mantelpiece is pure Georgian with an Adam over-mantel mirror. If you look closely you will see an eight-piece china orchestra. The musicians are all monkeys. This was made in the middle of the eighteenth century at Meissen, near Dresden. Originally this band was comprised of thirty-five pieces, all mounted on a single gilt stand. It was too large and cumbersome to be displayed to advantage so the pieces were separated and Bing fell heir to eight of them—at a price. This monkey band may not be our idea of fun but it was excruciatingly funny once. The band is flanked by two Rockingham urns.

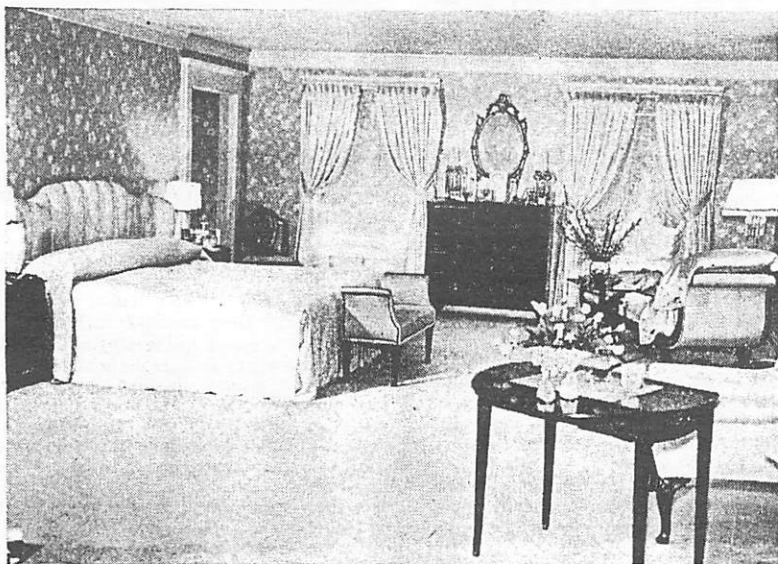
One of the show pieces of the room is the music stand which is pure Georgian. Another is the Duncan-Phyfe sofa table. And still another, which doesn't show in the picture, is a Regency card table with a folding top. This is inlaid with brass. On it stands a silver bowl which, in days gone by, held fruit on a dining room table in the house of some English nobleman. Now it holds flowers in the house of Crosby.

In the center left-hand corner of the picture you will see the top of a chest. Wonder of wonders, this unfolds into an exquisite bar—the sort our forebears had before built-in bars became more or less of a necessity in upper-class homes. To-





Photos above courtesy H. W. Griener.
by Fred R. Daprich. Below, by Len Weissman.



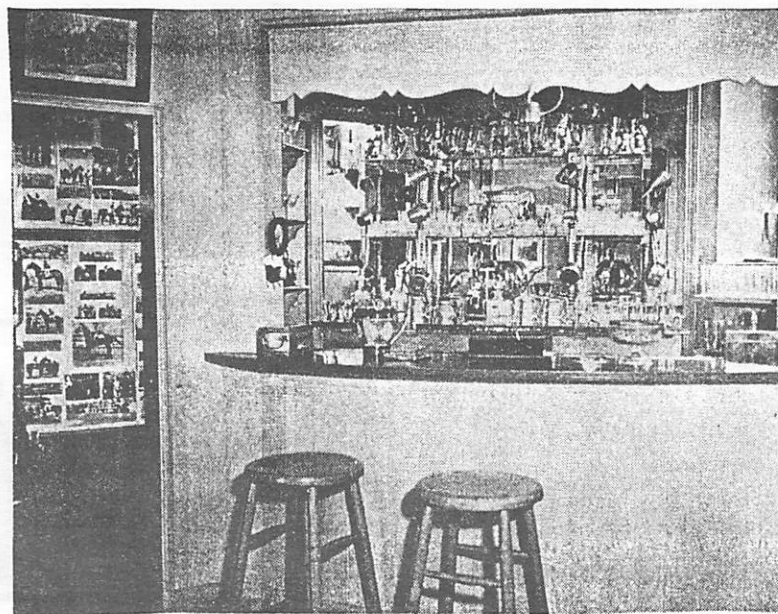
More views of the Crosby home, shown for the first time for SCREENLAND readers. Left above, Georgian fireplace in living room with Adam over-mantel mirror. The figures are the famous monkey band and the urns are Rockingham. Above, the large living room, its crystal chandelier one of the finest in the country, the music stand at far end of room pure Georgian. Left, the master bedroom with its wallpaper of magnolia design, its authentic 18th century English furniture. At lower left, Bing's playroom bar. Just inside the door are pictures of Bing's horses. Every time a Crosby horse wins a race he gets another picture on the wall.

day, it is referred to as a "mixing table."

The chairs on either side of the fireplace are Philadelphia Chippendale. They are very little later than the English Chippendale but they are slightly larger and heavier—an adaptation made necessary by the demands of a new country where heavier service was required. The upholstery materials include some modern weaves that are as effective, but more durable, than antique brocades. The drapes are a flowered brown satin. Although formal, the room is livable and was designed for a young couple rather than a staid middle-aged banker or lawyer.

The downstairs guest room is, to my mind, the prettiest room in the house. This is referred to as "The Morning Glory Room." The furnishings were built around the antique chandelier which features morning glories. The drapes and upholstery for the chairs are fuchsia-colored with a morning glory pattern in them, and the bedspreads also display morning glories prominently.

The furnishings in this room are particularly exquisite. There is a miniature Victorian wardrobe, a miniature Victorian dressing table with a pair of Dresden lamps on it and a beautiful mirror over it. I might add that the mirrors throughout are a distinguishing feature of the house. The bed, too, is novel. There is a huge quilted



headboard. Two single box-springs and mattresses mounted on legs are attached to this by means of hinges so they can be swung outward to give ample room for making them up. The paper in the connecting bath also emphasizes morning glories, although the paper in the bedroom itself is white with a satin stripe. This room is used oftener as a powder room than as a guest room.

Opposite is the combination library and den. During the racing season this is the most-used room in the place as, in addition to two radios, it features a loud speaker connected directly with Santa Anita and the Hollywood Turf Club so that one hears Joe Hernandez calling the races as they are being run. The changing odds on the horses before they go to the post also come over the wire. It is here, too, at the end of the day, that the nurse's reports on the doings of Gary and the Twins is heard and justice (?) meted out.

The furnishings? The walls are California redwood. There are a sofa and two large easy chairs, all upholstered in leaf green. One chair is in leather, the rest in a rough-textured modern weave. In this room, too, is a cupboard in which are prominently displayed Bing's trophies. These consist of cups won in various golf tournaments, copper and gold-plated horses and various other knick-knacks picked up at various times as tributes to his prowess in the field of sports.

His desk looks suspiciously like a converted Georgian square piano. No one is allowed to touch anything on this desk or in the cupboard behind it. Bing dusts it himself when he gets around to it—about once or twice a year—and this end of the room is the despair of all connected with the household.

Two of the walls are lined solidly with books which indicate a catholic taste in literature. A well-worn set of Dickens rubs bindings with Mulbach, O'Henry and Stoddard. A complete set of Burns Mantle's "Best Plays," "Gone With the Wind," and "Anthony Adverse" are also "among those present." It is a tribute to Bing and Dixie that among the several hundred volumes there isn't one they haven't read.

The smallness of the room makes for—er—intimacy. Guests practically sit on top of each other so there is a ways a shoulder to weep on—when the returns from the track come over the wire.

Adjoining this room is the spacious play-room. Harold Grieve, the decorator, has done a swell job here. It is more of an informal living room than a play-room. The wide board floor is covered with a braided rug. The walls are of pickled pine, and the drapes are white linen with a hand-blocked woven border in vermillion. The upholstery on the built-in seats is a rough-textured vermillion material. Grieve has cleverly arranged the furnishings so there is a bridge group in one corner, a table with chairs for other games in another corner, still another group consisting of sofa, chairs and table for conversational purposes along one wall, a small spinet piano in another corner and in the fourth corner is the BAR.

Directly behind the bar and facing the (non-paying) guests are glass shelves on which are arranged a variety of glasses that will accommodate the thirst of anyone from a teetotaler to an abandoned sot. At night, when Ted, the combination house-boy, butler and chauffeur is on duty, you do all right for yourself. During the day when Ted is on duty elsewhere and Wilma, the cook, is bartender, it is a different story. Wilma cautions you, as you give your order, that she can serve you a "neat"

drink or she can mix highballs. If you want a "fancy drink" you're on your own.

Adjoining the bar is a tiny hallway. The walls are lined solidly with pictures of horses—Bing's horses. Only those that have won a race are represented. Every time a horse wins a race a new picture goes up. It gives them something to work for, even though, to date, they seem strangely apathetic.

"What'll you do when this space is filled?" I inquired anxiously of Bing.

"The back of yon door is virgin territory," he replied quietly, gallantly masking his feelings.

The walls of the room proper are covered with lithographs of various English Derby winners.

It is here that dinner is served in the evening, unless there is a large or notable gathering. And here, too, are served the luncheons that Dixie dispenses with prodigal hospitality. The guests gather at 12:00 sharp in order that the food may be consumed and the gossip dispensed before the first race at Santa Anita. After that? Well, on a full stomach you can't take on too much because *Sweet Leilani* runs last when you have a fin on her nose.

"The only two formal rooms in the house," Harold Grieve, President of the Southern California Chapter of the American Institute of Decorators, explains carefully, "are the living room and dining room."

The large dining room is something to make you gasp. The table and most of the chairs are authentic antiques, although on account of the number of chairs required a few reproductions were necessary. So cleverly are the latter done, however, that only an expert can distinguish between them and the originals. An Adam gilt mirror hangs over the fireplace. A mirrored screen hides the door to the butler's pantry, its lower half covered with blue-green damask panels. The walls are a soft blue-gray in a special paper designed to harmonize with the walls. The linen drapes, especially printed, fit in well with the general scheme. Two small tables at one side of the room boast crystal candelabra and on each sits an antique tobacco urn used as flower vases.

The butler's pantry, kitchen and breakfast room are regulation, the only distinguishing feature being their spaciousness.

Upstairs there is the master bedroom, the guest room, and the children's quarters. The first mentioned is of gargantuan proportions. The house, being Southern colonial, somewhere in the scheme of things, magnolias would have to make an appearance (I hope to tell you they would—and none of these sissy California magnolias, either). So, the magnolias appear here—on the wall paper. The drapes and bedspreads are of heavy, hand-blocked satcen, quilted, with a lace pattern. The furniture is all authentic 18th century English. The lamp shades are of real lace and are the pride of Mrs. Crosby's heart. The little portrait of an 18th century lady, over the mantel, is a gem. The chair is Hepplewhite and the chaise-longue is Duncan-Phyfe.

Adjoining this room is a small sitting room (never used) and off this is a door leading to Bing's bath and dressing room. The bath bears mute evidence of Bing's struggle with his old enemy—*Em-bon-point*. A rubbing table, a steam cabinet and a rowing machine occupy most of the space. His shaving and dressing are done in the most approved grab-as-grab-can manner. (You grab a seat or a razor whenever you find room).

The guest room features a slant-top

Georgian, burlled mahogany desk and a hand-woven rag carpet. The drapes, early American in feeling, are bright reds and blues on a white background. On the mantel are small figures of *Uncle Tom* and *Little Eva*, made about the time of the Civil War as part of the propaganda against slavery. The plates that adorn the walls, also display scenes from "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Two blue Bristol vases ornament the mantel. The chair at the foot of the bed is American Chippendale.

The twins' room is undistinguishable save that it emphasizes the dual note—twin chests of drawers, twin beds, twin lamps and even twin windows. In the bathroom the same idea is carried out—there are two of everything.

There is a community kitchen and dining room adjoining and then we come to His Lordship Gary's quarters. This eldest of Bing's four sons has his own bath and bedroom. Gary feels (and rightly) that having been on the scene longer than the twins and the baby some deference should be paid his lengthy service. After all, he's known his parents a year longer than the twins, hasn't he? Accordingly, no sooner had Mr. Grieve handed over the keys to the house and taken his departure than Gary set about arranging his quarters to suit himself. The picture gives you an idea of what he thinks an eligible young bachelor's apartment should look like. Mr. Grieve might not see eye to eye with Gary on this subject but, after all, Gary lives here.

Outside, the pool lies between the tennis court and the bath-house. Off to one side are the gardens and beyond these the chicken runs. It was to the latter place, last Easter, that Bing brought his young hopefuls. A hen clucked proudly amidst her brood of newly hatched chicks. "I'm going to get me one of those," Gary announced firmly and with his accustomed conviction.

"Go to it," Bing encouraged him.

As Gary stepped inside and reached for a chick the angry mother flew at him with outstretched wings, clucking in a furious tone that sent Gary scuttling back to the safety of his father's side. A few minutes later he noticed one of the chicks had wandered far off to one side of the run. Cautiously he stole in and stooped to capture the errant fledgeling. Just as his hand closed about the chick, the hen let out a squawk and flew at Gary. In a panic Gary straightened up and reached for the roost overhead. He pulled himself clear of the infuriated mother and then the roost broke. As he dropped with a thud he frightened the hen almost as much as himself. He picked himself up, mustered what dignity he could and turned defiantly to the fowl. "I'm glad I broke your blamed trapeze," he announced as he strode from the chicken run.

The foregoing may explain, in part, why invitations to the Crosby menage are at a premium for, aside from the friendly surroundings, life has never a dull moment in these environs.

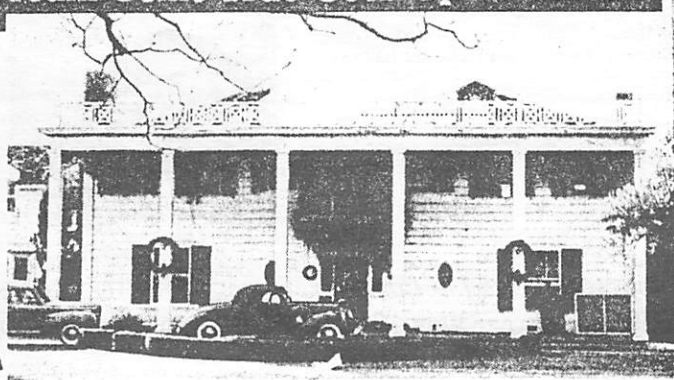




Bing's Hollywood home, with Colonial pillars, circular driveway, lighted tennis court, swimming pool and rowboat, is in the unpretentious Toluca Lake district. His eldest brother and parents live in smaller houses nearby, jokingly call Bing's "the Library."



The Bing Crosbys' Dream-Come-True Goes Up in Smoke!





ON JANUARY 3, Bing was playing golf. By the time he reached his home, after a hurry call, his beautiful \$250,000 Colonial house was in ruins. It is believed that the fire was started by a faulty connection in some Christmas tree lights. His wife and little boys were at home at the time, and all were safely removed. Above, a Christmas wreath, still fresh and green, untouched by the fire.

BING'S LOSS cannot be covered by insurance, because his irreplaceable collection of records, his personal press clippings, all of the trophies won by his horses, and his own golf trophies were lost. The house can be rebuilt when the wartime restrictions on new construction are lifted, but the personal possessions had a value beyond money. Right, the blackened hallway.



In his autobiography, *Call Me Lucky*, Bing recounts the events surrounding this personal disaster. The year, not mentioned above, was 1943. The sideburns Bing is sporting here were for his part in *Dixie*, which he was then filming.

Bing in Hollywood

By David Lobosco

Road to Bali

(Paramount, 1952)

THE year was 1952. Bing Crosby was still one of the most popular entertainers in the world. For that year he was number four at the box office, and he was still Decca Records' biggest star. It was in this year that his last radio show for Chesterfield cigarettes was broadcast, and in the following months his wife, Dixie Lee, would be dead from cancer. 1952 was also the year that Bing and Bob Hope were off on the road again. Since they both turn 90 years young this year, I thought I'd take a look at their second-to-the-last road movie, the only one to be made in Technicolor.



Bing and Bob play a couple of second-rate vaudevillians who are appearing in Australia. They get in trouble by romancing two young ladies and leaving them and their more than angry parents. While fleeing, they meet up with a prince, who asks the duo if they need some work. Bing and Bob get a job as divers for treasure. Bing swindles Bob into doing the diving, knowing that four divers have already been killed by a giant squid. Meanwhile, Bing and Bob meet up with the princess of the island, the sarong girl herself, Dorothy Lamour. They both fall in love with her, and throughout the movie Dottie tries to choose. In the end, the evil

prince loses, and the island is destroyed by a volcano. In the end Bing gets Dottie, as well as Jane Russell, and Bob is left holding the bag again.

Some interesting notes: Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, and Paramount each paid one-third of the costs and each received that much of the profits. Both Crosby and Hope celebrated their birthdays during production. Bob and Dottie presented Bing with a cake with only one candle and the inscription "To Save You Embarrassment." Bing and Dottie later presented Hope with his own rocking chair. When the soundtrack was recorded, Dorothy Lamour was replaced by Peggy Lee. In Lamour's autobiography *My Side of the Road*, Dottie writes, "...One day Bing and Bob showed up for work quite late, and not until later did I learn that they had recorded some songs from the film with Peggy Lee singing my parts." Whatever the conflicts, *The Road to Bali* would go on to be the most popular Bing and Bob movie, and would be one of the top grossers of 1953. Not too bad for two guys who had just turned fifty!

Clinton backed four U.S. stamps

When he was Arkansas governor, President Bill Clinton wrote at least four letters supporting stamps to the Citizens' Stamp Advisory Committee, which weighs requests for new United States commemoratives each year.

According to a column by Jack Anderson and Michael Binstein in the Jan. 25 *Washington Post*, however, the saxophone-wielding, Elvis-loving chief executive's stamp requests were "definitely from the old school," embracing sedately popular, even conservative subjects, not rock 'n' roll stars.

According to Clinton's correspondence with the CSAC, the column notes, "the former Arkansas governor once lobbied for a stamp commemorating Winterset, Iowa, the birthplace of John Wayne. And Clinton also pleaded for consideration of a Bing Crosby stamp, to honor a man he called a 'patriot, a humanitarian and a fine entertainer.'"

Holders of high political office are often asked by groups or committees lobbying for a commemorative stamp to lend their name to the cause. When politicians agree that the stamp subject is worthy, many are happy to lend their aid to lobby for its acceptance.

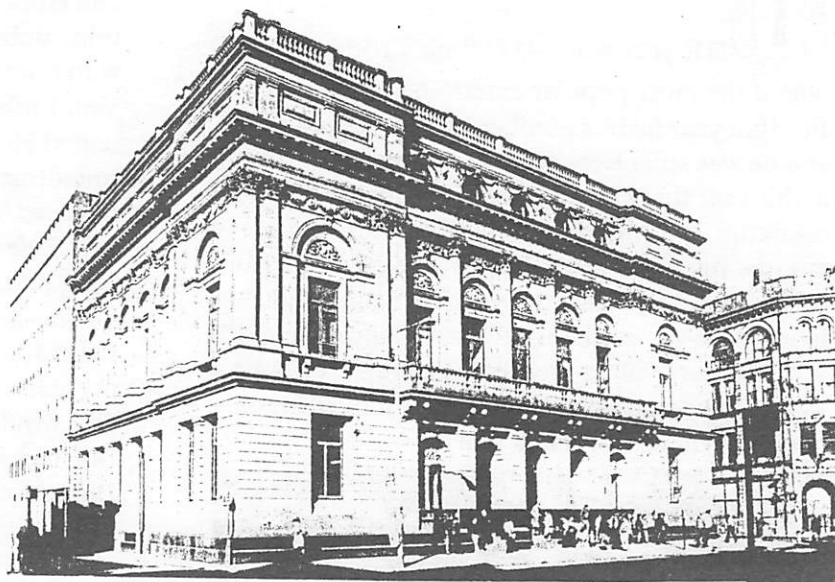
The column notes, "Clinton's petitions . . . were rejected by the postal service." A stamp depicting Wayne as he appeared in the movie *Stagecoach* was one of four Classic Films commemoratives issued in 1990 (Scott 2448).

The CSAC receives 20,000 to 30,000 letters from the American public each year, with requests for stamps honoring 1,500 to 2,000 different subjects. On average, about 30 of these actually result in the issue of a stamp.

—From *Linn's Stamp News*, Feb. 8, 1993.

BELFAST CENTRAL LIBRARY HOSTS MONTH-LONG CROSBY EXHIBITION

One man's dream of an exhibition devoted to Bing Crosby became a reality when the Belfast Central Library opened its doors on September 26, 1992 and marked the beginning of a month-long tribute on its main floor to commemorate the 15th anniversary of Bing's passing. Belfast resident and Crosby collector Jim Lemon first conceived the idea in September, 1990 and began talks with the library staff, who were more than willing to give him display board space on the library's top floor landing. Instead, Jim held out for the more accessible and impressive exhibit area on the main floor. Two years later, with the help of fellow Bing enthusiasts Raymond McCormack, Harry Redmond, and Johnny Jones, Jim put together a most impressive collection of Crosby memorabilia covering every aspect of Bing's life and career which filled every display case made available to them. The pictures and captions on the following pages will give some idea of the scope of their work and their efforts to bring the tribute to the attention of Belfast's press and population. Suffice to say, when it closed on October 30, all involved judged it to have been a smashing success, far exceeding any of their expectations. They are rightfully proud of their accomplishment and hope their success will serve as an inspiration to other Bing Crosby collectors who might wish to attempt similar tributes to Bing.



Belfast Central Library—Belfast, Northern Ireland



The exhibition's guiding light, Jim Lemon (at left) along with co-worker and fellow Crosby enthusiast, Raymond McCormack. The chalk portrait they're standing behind was done by a local Belfast pavement artist and belongs to Raymond.



Above is just one of the many wonderful display cases put together by Jim Lemon and friends. Jim's photographic skills are especially evident in the record label reproductions. Below, the library's main lobby which was filled with the sights—and even the sounds on October 14—of Bing Crosby's fabulous life and career.





CLUB CROSBY

FOUNDED 1936
Post Office Box 172 • Parma, Michigan 49269
MARK SCRINGER - President
WAYNE L. MARTIN - Vice President and Editor of BINGANG

To the staff and patrons of Central City Library:

Club Crosby was proud to be asked to join in this special tribute to Bing Crosby hosted by the Central City Library of Belfast. As you know, Bing was extremely proud of his Irish heritage so it is nice to see that he is being remembered in such a grand fashion in the land of his ancestors. All those who made personal contributions to this effort are to be commended especially the library staff and Crosby collector Jim Lemon of Belfast in particular who first proposed this exposition.

Perhaps you would like to know a little bit about our organization. Club Crosby was founded in 1936 and has been a continuous source of articles and information about Bing and his career for over 50 years. Most importantly, it has been a contact point for collectors from around the world. Although Wayne Martin and I have only been at the helm since 1987, we carry on a proud tradition of honoring Bing and his accomplishments going back to our origins as strictly a "fan" club for Crosby admirers. Today we count among our members Crosby collectors of the highest renown with extensive collections of recordings and memorabilia documenting Bing's lifetime of achievement in the world of entertainment. And, although we are an American-based club, our ranks proudly include members from all over the United Kingdom. Bing's death in 1977 sadden us all but it certainly didn't diminish Club Crosby's resolve to keep Bing's name and legacy alive in the pages of our semi-annual club journal, *Bingang*. We hope to be one of the instruments for perpetuating his music and memory well into the

21st century so that people yet unborn can enjoy and appreciate the special magic that was Bing Crosby.

Again, we applaud this exhibition which honors the achievements of a great man and entertainer and the members and officers of Club Crosby wish you much success. Our only regret is that we can't be there to enjoy it in person.

Sincerely,
Mark Scringer
Mark Scringer
President-CLUB CROSBY



In order to persuade the library to host a Bing Crosby tribute, Jim Lemon solicited letters of support and encouragement from the many Bing Crosby clubs and societies around the world. Above is Club Crosby's contribution. This approach proved effective, so Jim's next step was to send out this handsome promotional postcard of his own design to bring the exhibition to the attention of the radio, television, and print media.



Bing memorabilia

ANY fans of "the old groaner" out there? Of course there are, for I refer to the late Bing Crosby, who died on a Spanish golf course 15 years ago this month.

To mark that anniversary, an exhibition of the singer's records, books, photographs etc. opens today in the foyer of Belfast Central Library.

It has been organised by an avid Belfast "Crosbyologist", Jim Lemon who has invited a fellow enthusiast, Dublin businessman George O'Reilly, to pay it a visit.

George had been a personal friend of Bing's since 1953, was a regular guest at his California home, and has one special claim to fame.

Remember Crosby's nostalgic version of "Galway Bay". Well, on one of his visits to Ireland he insisted on seeing the sun go down there for himself, and it was George who took him.

He also wanted to visit, but

apparently never got round to it, Coleraine, because he had recorded "Kitty Of Coleraine" for his movie "Top O' The Mornin".

Bing was greatly taken with that superb Irish air "My Lagan Love" which he first heard sung at the American Ambassador's residence in Dublin.

He wanted to get it on record himself but, although he and George scoured the Liffeside for the sheet music, not a copy could they find. I fancy they might have had more success in Belfast, since it was written by a Belfast man, Joseph Campbell.

Meanwhile, George keeps in touch with the singer's widow Kathy and plans to publish a book on Crosby's various Irish connections.

Anyway, if you enjoyed his music, then drop in at the Central Library for a browse through the assembled memorabilia. The exhibition continues for a month. Should be a swell party!



Bing Crosby: Central Library exhibition.

BELFAST TELEGRAPH

Thursday, October 1, 1992

Although disappointed because he couldn't generate any television coverage, Jim's efforts did result in several nice mentions of the exhibition in the local newspapers during its month-long run. Most gratifying of all were the responses from various radio show hosts accompanied by invitations to appear on their programs to discuss and play the music of Bing Crosby on the 15th anniversary of his death. In a month's time, either Jim alone or in the company of fellow Crosby admirers made no less than four radio appearances. Although a nerve-racking experience for most of them, tapes of the programs reveal that they acquitted themselves most admirably.

Now Bing stars in Road to the Aisles library tribute

By Stephen O'Reilly

VISITORS at a library yesterday could have been forgiven for thinking they had strayed onto the road to Morocco, Bali or a host of other exotic locations.

For the entrance of the Central Library in Royal Avenue, Belfast, has been turned into a shrine to Bing Crosby who died 15 years ago on October 14, 1977.

Film posters of his famous roles with Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour form just a small part of the display which has been put together by three of the great crooner's admirers.

Said exhibition spokesman Ray-

mond McCormick: "All the stuff belongs to Jim Lemmon, Harry Redmond and myself. The exhibition will be running all this month."

And yesterday visitors were not only treated to the sights but also the sounds of Crosby — his hits were played non-stop to commemorate the day he died.

Mr McCormick said the singer had a great affinity for Ireland: "He first visited here in 1961 and returned several times.

"In fact he performed at a concert in the Gaiety Theatre in Dublin not long before his death.

"He flew on to Sweden for another

concert before going on to Spain where he died."

Born on May 3, 1903, Bing Crosby made his first record — *I've Got The Girl* — on October 18, 1926.

He went on to make more than 60 films, win an Oscar and record 2,321 titles in his inimitable style.

Most famous of these was *White Christmas*, the biggest selling single of all time.

So successful was Crosby that his last words could probably describe his entire life.

As he put it: "That was a great game of golf fellas."

Show goes on for Bing

CROSBY clubs — for the old groaner — have flourished on and off in Belfast since the 1930s, and the popularity of the late great singer just never seems to wane.

For running at Belfast Central Library until the end of the month is a memorabilia exhibition to mark the 15th anniversary of his death, and things about Bing are proving to be quite a hit.

City devotees are delighted that he is being remembered, and even burrowing bookworms who in normal circumstances wouldn't go to the back door (if he was there) to hear Bing sing, are taking more than a passing glance at what's on offer.

The idea to put on such an exhibition was the brainchild of long-time fan Jim Lemon, from Lyndhurst Gardens, and he has been ably assisted in his efforts by Raymond McCormack of Mountainview Park, Harry Redmond of Highfield Drive and Ballyhalbert's Johnny Jones.

Jim says: "There must be an awful lot of Crosby lovers from all over the Province who would like to see what we have assembled and it could be quite a while before such an exhibition is held again."

"No doubt they'd like to know that the show is going on."

It includes covers of old records, labels, photographs and sheet music — and for gourmets there's even a recipe for Bing's favourite treat, Sunshine Cake.

Crosby, alive or dead, has put a lot of sunshine into many hearts.

With the help of library staff what the lads are offering now should warm many more. It's nostalgia all the way.

IRISH NEWS

Thursday, October 15, 1992

ULSTER NEWS LETTER

Monday, October 12, 1992

Straight Down the Middle



This music, purchased in a lot from the 1981 Crosby estate auction by Al Sutton, contained an extra bonus—a special lyric sheet dated 1959! The lyrical references indicate it was probably meant to be sung at a special occasion—perhaps the Annual Crosby Clambake itself.



Straight Down The Middle

Words by SAMMY CAHN Tune: C's Music by JAMES VAN HEUSEN
F B's D G

Moderately Rhythmic

Chorus

STRAIGHT DOWN THE MID-DLE... it went STRAIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE... then it

start-ed to hook just a wee wee bit... And t

lit-tle white pel-let has nev-er been found

STRAIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE... like they say

PRICE .60 IN U.S.A.

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STRAIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE

Words By SAMMY CAHN • Music By JAMES VAN HEUSEN

THEME SONG OF THE
BING CROSBY
1958
ANNUAL GOLF TOURNAMENT

Mayfair Music Corp.
31 WEST 54th STREET, NEW YORK 19, NEW YORK

...with Special Lyric Sheet!

BING CROSBY ANNUAL GOLD TOURNAMENT '59

" STRAIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE "

(BING)

SAMMY CAHN
JAMES VAN HEUSEN

CHORUS:

STRAIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE
THEY'LL GO STRAIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE
EV'RY FULL FLEDGED "PRO" WORTHY OF THE NAME
LIKES TO PLAY THAT RIGHT DOWN THE CENTER GAME
BUT THE ONES THAT SNAKE ARE THE ONES THAT MAKE 'EM TURN GRAY
STILL THEY'RE ALL PLAYED DOWN THE MIDDLE - LIKE THEY SAY!!!

WHACK! DOWN THE FAIRWAY *Chay*
THEY'LL GO SMACK DOWN THE FAIRWAY
NOW AND THEN AN "AM" THINKS THAT HE'S A "PRO"
AND HE'LL HIT THAT PILL LIKE HE NEEDS THE DOUGH
SURE THE THOUGHT IS NICE BUT THEY'LL HOOK AND SLICE EV'RY WAY
AND IT'S NOT STRAIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE - WHEN THEY PLAY!!!

THE SUN WAS NEVER BRIGHTER
THE GREENS WERE NEVER GREENER
AND THEY WERE NEVER KEENER - IN L. A.

THEY'LL ALL START OUT LIKE A FURY
EACH ONE OF THEM A VENTURI
YEP! THE FIRST DAY HAS LOTS OF THRILLS AND JOYS
THEN YOU SEPARATE THE MEN FROM THE BOYS
WHAT I MEAN IS YOU FIND OUT REAL SOON WHO IS ~~REALLY~~ PLAYING FOR PAY
THE CHAMPS GO STRAIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE
THEY THROW THEIR WEIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE
THEY'LL SURE LIKE GREAT DOWN THE MIDDLE TO DAY!!!

HALF CHORUS:

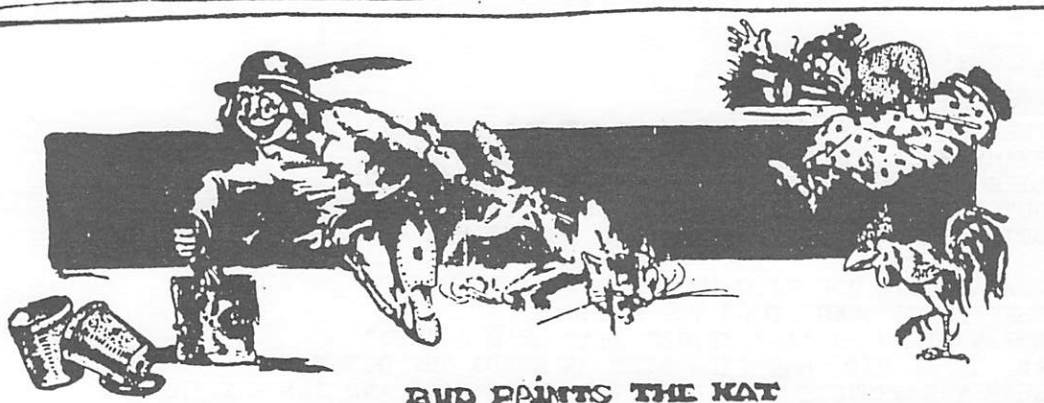
SO HERE'S TO EV'RY WINNER
TO EACH HAPPY GRINNER
TO EACH OUT AND INNER, ALL THE WAY!!!

MAY THEY ALL GO DOWN THE MIDDLE
EACH AM AND PRO DOWN THE MIDDLE
OH THE LIFE OF A GOLFER IS NOT ALL GLOOM
THERE IS ALWAYS THE LIE IN THE LOCKER ROOM
THAT'S THE TIME THE DOPE WHO PLAYED GOLF LIKE HOPE
IS BOUND TO SAY
MY GAME WAS GREAT DOWN THE MIDDLE
MY AIM WAS STRAIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE
I SURE WENT STRAIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE TODAY!!!



BINGVILLE BUGLE

**EVERYBODY
WANTS
SOMETHING
THAT HE WON'T
LOSE**



THE KINGVILLE BUGLE
The Leading Paper of the County
Bright, Strong, Pithy, Daring

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Post Office Department Notice of October 3, 1917.
Approved for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in
Post Office Department Notice of October 3, 1917.
Postmaster: Kingville, Cal.

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Babe and His Pants

Babe Winkler says he has a terrible lot of pants hanging in his room at his home.

"I can't remember how many I have hanging, but I know I have a lot," he says. "I have a lot of pants hanging in my room, but I don't know how many I have hanging in my room."

"I have a lot of pants hanging in my room, but I don't know how many I have hanging in my room."

"I have a lot of pants hanging in my room, but I don't know how many I have hanging in my room."

"I have a lot of pants hanging in my room, but I don't know how many I have hanging in my room."

Don't Cheat Lunk!

William Winkler says he has a terrible lot of pants hanging in his room at his home.

"I can't remember how many I have hanging, but I know I have a lot," he says. "I have a lot of pants hanging in my room, but I don't know how many I have hanging in my room."

"I have a lot of pants hanging in my room, but I don't know how many I have hanging in my room."

"I have a lot of pants hanging in my room, but I don't know how many I have hanging in my room."

"I have a lot of pants hanging in my room, but I don't know how many I have hanging in my room."

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

though Mrs. C. H. Hildner of 4514 N. 12th st. says that she didn't know of a box of her mother's letters until she was told about it and having to almost tear through the pages of Mrs. Hildner and Mrs. Hildner's letters to find them. Mrs. Hildner says she always tried to send all her letters to her mother, but she has never remembered. Mrs. Hildner says she has never seen any letters of her mother's, but she has seen some of her mother's letters and she has seen some of her mother's letters and she has seen some of her mother's letters.

I have been thinking about you since we parted last night. I hope you had a good trip home. I'll see you soon.

Love,
John

P.S. I'll be home next week.

[illegible][illegible]

of studying, writing
and he is going to do
something of my
kindness! Are we
fortunate? We are not
going to know that there is
great happiness again to
us. There is a lot
of other something. I like
it and I don't know. I
want to know, I want
to say so, but I
don't know. I don't
know. It is not
any more than this

[illegible]

they met a Sunday
 being so I was to
 be disappointed that
 the I found a happy
 and joyful I certainly
 am present. The happy
 some half of being here
 a the end of us, to follow
 being there the best
 and I found the answer
 is that my presence was
 being there happy being
 I have done and the
 is a suitable reward.
 JONAH BERRY

Abbe Fair

Our regular joint
of business, **Abbe**
By display of such
vegetables and other
merchandise to contribute
to the education, as

From, From 20th,
To, From 20,
Foundational Room,

to be a business between
various persons, but not
specifically, a business
between individuals and other
persons.

the year 1880.

DOUGLASS FAIR

[illegible]

[illegible]

BATTLE RAGES ALONG ISRAEL-EGYPT FRONTIER



VOL. LII—NO. 328

LOS ANGELES, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1955

Four Sections—Section I—TEN CENTS

Judge Pens Love Letter for Man to Help Win Wife Back

In his campaign to woo back his wife, Cornelius Byrd will have the considerable talents of Superior Judge Elmer D. Doyle.

In fact, the judge promised yesterday to write Byrd's love letters for him.

Byrd, hospital kitchen helper, was in Domestic Relations Court, charged with failing to provide for his 3-year-old son, James.

Judge Doyle was told that Byrd's wife, Jewell, had left him and is now living with relatives in Milwaukee.

"I see no reason why this little family can't get together," the judge commented.

"Why don't you write her a letter and try to get her out here? Send her a ticket," he suggested to Byrd.

"She wants to come out here, your honor, but she wants a round trip ticket," Byrd replied. "She likes to travel."

"Well, see if you can't persuade her to stay. Write her a love letter."

"I can't write a letter she'd pay any attention to, your honor. Maybe if someone else wrote it..."

Byrd's voice trailed off.

"I'll write the letter for you—a nice love letter," said Judge Doyle, beaming.

"You're kidding!" declared Byrd in open-mouthed astonishment.

"No, I'm not," said the judge. "I'll write the letter and you send the ticket—a one-way ticket. And, oh yes, I want you to pay \$30 a month for your boy's support."

Judge Doyle retired to chambers to begin writing the love letter.

U. S. to Ease Curbs on Trade With Reds

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—(AP)—The Government today announced it will relax controls on private commercial trade in "peaceful goods" with Soviet Russia and its satellites.

Secretary of Commerce Weeks said his department now is setting up an initial roster of peaceful goods which may be shipped to the Soviet bloc without advance application to his department for special licensing.

"This plan is designed to carry out further the objective urged by President Eisenhower at Geneva in July 'to create conditions which will encourage nations to increase the exchange of peaceful goods throughout the world,' Weeks said in a statement.

Weeks noted also that Secretary of State Dulles on Monday

Fog Closes Airport, Smog Again Today

Shifting fog, heavy enough to close the International Airport from 7:25 to 9:25 p. m., hung over the Los Angeles area last night.

The mists were thickest in the central district with Inglewood, Culver City and Santa Monica reporting spots of traffic slowing fog.

A small area around Lakeview was blanketed but the San Pedro district was clear.

Poor visibility due to fog was blamed for an auto crashing into a light pole at 11th street and Union avenue and leaving down power lines.

Residents in the area between Washington boulevard and 4 p. m.

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ACTOR ASKS PARAMOUNT FOR RELEASE

By LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Los Angeles, Nov. 3.—(AP)—I am reliably informed by the members of Bing Crosby's own family that he has asked for his Paramount release.

Bing has decided to end his professional career. In explaining the reason, a member of his family said Bing wants to spend his time bringing up his boys.

He feels he has worked so hard that he is entitled to a rest.

He will do one more TV show, and that will be it.

He has never cared much for TV. Radio is his favorite medium.

If Bing doesn't change his mind, the world is going to lose one of the best beloved actors and singers.

I don't know whether this will include making additional records, but as I understand it he plans now to end his entire professional career.

It seems incredible when his great success in all entertainment fields is considered. Bing was very sick last year and for a long time during the time he was convalescing he said he was going to take life easier.

(Career story and picture on Page 5.)

Turk President Visiting Jordan

AMMAN, Jordan, Nov. 3.—(AP)—President Celal Bayar of Turkey arrived today for a two-day state visit. He was welcomed by King Hussein.

SMOG RED

FOR TODAY
SMOG RED: Moderate to heavy smog conditions throughout the county.

You can operate your backyard incinerator only in the evening hours, 4 to 8 p. m., in the city of Los Angeles and in foothill areas, which vary, county unincorporated areas. For hours in other cities and in foothill areas, which vary, call your Fire Department or City Hall.

If an "alert" is called, cease incinerator burning. (Open burning is banned throughout the county, even when there is no smog.)

Public action requested:

1. Don't use your automobile for errands which can be postponed.

2. Share your automobile with your neighbors or co-workers. Don't be a LONE DRIVER.

Request to business, industry and public agencies, including cities:

1. Reduce use of your motor vehicles to a minimum.

2. Limit your air pollution operations in every way possible.

3. Encourage your employees to participate in car pools.

4000 Calls Per Day

Special Phone Service for Tax Protests



IT'S EASIER to holler about your tax bill, now that county assessor has added new phone system to his office. Mrs. Margaret Younggren (standing, right) and

Largest Dope Cache Found

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—(AP)—Federal narcotics agents and New York police tonight announced they had seized the largest cache of heroin ever uncovered by the United States.

Agents swept down on 316 West 90th street, where they found 13½ kilograms of pure, uncut heroin, secreted behind a false panel in the wall of an apartment bathroom. The minimum retail value of the second drug was estimated at \$1,500,000.

James C. Ryan, district supervisor for the Federal Narcotics Bureau, said Nathan Berman, 42, and Anthony Velasco, 31, were arrested while in possession of some of the heroin.

HARD CLASH RAGES OVER BORDER POST

JERUSALEM, Nov. 3.—(AP)—Israel and Egypt today reported hard fighting between their forces for possession of a frontier check-point in the Sinai Desert. There were casualties on both sides, but the figures given were widely at variance, and almost every aspect of the fighting was in dispute.

U. N. truce observers and officials have not given their account of the battle, described here as the most serious since the Palestine war of 1948. Fighting today held Israel responsible for starting the fighting.

FIFTY KILLED—The Israelis said they killed 50 Egyptians and captured 40 while losing five killed and 18 wounded. The Egyptians said they lost 70 killed or missing, but killed 200 Israelis. An Israeli army spokesman said there was "no truth whatsoever" in the report of 200 Israeli dead.

The fighting, which started last night, was for the strategic El Sabha post in the El Avish-Nuzana demilitarized zone. The Israelis say the post is in Israeli territory and the Egyptians insist it is in theirs.

According to the Egyptians, the post changed hands twice and now is held by Egyptian troops. The Israelis claim they still hold the post.

Accusing the Egyptians of occupying El Sabha in violation of the armistice, Israeli forces attacked and seized the post last night. Today the Israeli Foreign Ministry announced the "Egyptian invader" had been expelled from Israeli territory.

A military spokesman in (Continued on Page 4, Col. 47)

10 Convicts Flee Prison

WALLA WALLA, Wash., Nov. 3.—(AP)—Warden Lawrence Delmore said tonight 10 convicts, believed to be maximum security (dangerous) inmates, had tunneled their way out of the Washington State Penitentiary.

Prison officials said the tunnel was discovered at a regular evening inmate count (between 7:30 and 8:15 p. m.)

Japanese GI 11 Yrs. on Isle

MANILA, Nov. 4 (Friday).—(AP)—A Japanese army straggler who led a Robinson Crusoe existence for 11 years in the steaming jungles of southern Luzon island was captured yesterday.

The holdout, identified himself as Cpl. Kinoshita Noboru, of the former Japanese Imperial army. He said he did not know the war had ended.

A Japanese national official said Kinoshita's name was included in a list of missing personnel. His age was listed as 33 and he had been attached to the 25th guard battalion.

The official said Kinoshita would be returned to Japan.

Give



Alderson Tells Board He May Stay on Job

Fire Department Chief John H. Alderson warned the Board of Fire Commissioners yesterday that if he was not reappointed to his job, he would resign.

"I will, but I warn you that it has been my policy for many years to go one, two, three down the civil service list. I would have to be five, six, seven down the list before I would be recommended for my job."

Alderson gave the commission a second surprise when he stated: "If certain things transpire, I will not ask for my retirement."

"If there is an injection of politics to prevent an honest, forthright and non-political civil service examination to keep the right man from being chosen as my successor, then I will stay on the job."

"NOT TOLD"—During the meeting, when pressed by Board President G. William Shera for "something official" about his announced retirement, Alderson replied: "I was not told to retire. I just came to the conclusion that the relationship between myself and my bosses is such that it would be better for the department if I retired."

"It is my intention to apply for the retirement not later than January 1, 1956. How can I make it more emphatic than that?"

Shera asked if Chief Alderson "would cooperate" in the steps necessary to choose his successor and the chief said:

Nixon Flu Victim for Three Days

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—(AP)—Aide of Vice President Nixon said today he has been suffering from a mild case of influenza for the past three days.

Twenty-five deputy field assessors answer telephone inquiries, while in the next room machinery clicks and whirs, automatically connecting the next call as soon as an assessor "hangs up."

The mechanism, leased for \$500 a month, is installed at 1810 South Hill street, the assessor's and tax collector's office, and is being used by anyone who wants to call him with their inquiries, Bonick said.

DOWN BEAT

SCRAPBOOK 1937-1941

A Collection of Crosby clippings from pre-war issues of *Downbeat* Magazine contributed by member Jim Hibbits of Sylvania, Ohio.

Chicago, March, 1937

BING CROSBY SIGNS CONTRACT WITH DECCA

Bing Crosby has recently signed a new contract to record exclusively for Decca, who pulled a fast one in nosing out other record companies who were bidding for his services. Bing has proved to be the biggest selling artist on record today and his current recording of "Pennies from Heaven" is setting a new high in gross sales all over the country. One of the main reasons for Bing's continued popularity is the fact that he can sing a sweet ballad with the same finesse he displays in warbling a "get-off" tune.

100 MILLION DOLLARS FOR BANDS! See Story on Page 1

DOWN BEAT

RADIO · BALLROOM · CAFE



SYMPHONY · THEATRE



Vol. 6, No. 15

15c

U.S. & CANADA
FOREIGN 18c

December 15, 1939

Chicago, October, 1937

Bing's New Protege



Johnny Trotter Bing Crosby

Los Angeles, Calif.—Here is an informal shot of Bing Crosby with his new protege, orchestra leader Johnny Trotter, whose orchestra is doing a bang-up job in Jimmy Dorsey's former spot on the Kraft Music Hall.

Johnny is doing a real job on the Music Hall program and deserves a lot of credit.

Trotter will well be remembered as the chap whose piano playing and arranging helped build the Hal Kemp orchestra. The Trotter arrangements were practically responsible for the lightning work of the Kemp band.



Top Man in the singin' division again was Bing (Hep Cat) Crosby. He won the DOWN BEAT poll to prove it. Bing also broke down in the fall to record three sides with brother Bob's band.

JANUARY, 1939

Bing and Satchelmo' Relax



A marvelous shot of Bing Crosby "giving-out" on a bit of manuscript with Louie Armstrong in a Hollywood studio.

APRIL, 1937

At Bing's Race Track



"Pee Wee" Hunt—Glenn Gray—Bing Crosby—Pat O'Brien
At the recent opening of Bing Crosby's race track at Del Mar, Calif., a couple of interesting race horse touts (in the checkered suits) were watching their favorite horse stop on the far turn as some one along the fence hollered HAY!

OCTOBER, 1937



Joe Sullivan and Bing Crosby

Two good friends get together to do a good job. Last month, at Bing's request, Joe recorded two songs in Bing Crosby's new picture "Sing, You Sinners" (not released yet). Bing and the rest of the music world are glad to see Joe, formerly pianist with Bing's brother Bob Crosby, back at work again, after his long stretch in a California sanitarium. Joe is now handling a little work, and resting up at his home in Hollywood. He hopes that by fall he will be feeling well enough to handle a weekly radio show.

JULY, 1938

Chicago, February, 1938

Bing Crosby (Dr. of Square Shooting) Known As Squarest Guy In Hollywood

By Sharon A. Pease

Now, it is Doctor Bing Crosby, for last autumn, Gonzaga College, Spokane, Washington, honored its most famous alumnus by presenting him with the degree, Doctor of Philosophy in Music.

This is not the first time Bing has been honored with the title of Doctor. For some time he has been Bing Crosby, D.S.S., (Doctor of Square Shooting) to a legion of friends in the music and show business.

Yes, Bing will go the limit for any good cause or for anyone who has befriended him.

The latest example is the case of John Scott Trotter—formerly pianist and arranger for Hal Kemp, and the first to apply the "Waterfall" style of piano to modern dance music.

Bing and his employers, Paramount Pictures, were badly in need of an ace arranger for the music in the picture "Pennies from Heaven." The call for help went out to Trotter in New York and he responded. He did a nice job on the scoring for the picture, also on the arrangements of "Skeleton in the Closet" and "Pennies from Heaven" for the recordings.

Trotter returned to New York, but Bing didn't forget this favor. When Jimmy Dorsey left the Kraft Cheese Program to go east, Crosby paved the way for Trotter to form a band of local men and take over the spot.

Do you remember the leader of the "Sing Band" in the picture "Double or Nothing"? That was Harry Barris who, along with Bing, was a member of Paul Whiteman's "Rhythm Boys" back in the leaner days.

Bing greatly admired Joe Sullivan's fine piano work and went to bat for him when Joe made his first appearance in California. As a result Joe worked the Bing Crosby-Woodbury radio series with George Stoll's Orchestra and worked in three of Bing's pictures. Later, during the time Joe was confined in the hospital with the future looking mighty black, it was Bing Crosby, together with brothers Larry and Everett, who got behind a Los Angeles Rhythm Concert and put it over with such a bang that three and a half grand were turned over to Joe.

Guest stars who have had a break on Bing's Kraft Program run into the hundreds. Whenever the stork is hovering over a Hollywood home, the prospective "Pappy" usually finds himself on Bing's program as a guest star—such were the cases of Andy Devine and Harry Barris.

These are just a few instances which have come to my attention. No doubt there are many others, but these will give you some idea why Bing Crosby is justly known as the squarest guy in Hollywood.

Mutual Liking For Spaghetti Made Eddie & Bing Pals

By Bing Crosby

Hollywood—I first met Eddie Lang when Al Rinker and I joined the Pops Whiteman family in San Francisco.

His work on the guitar won me from the start. When I found that Eddie liked spaghetti, like me, we became real pals.

Eddie liked to take in "the spots," and — lucky for me — he had good sense and saved me from many a jam. And I don't mean music session.

Naturally, when I got into a musical solo spot, it was a great comfort to have such an artist with me. Eddie made me do my best when the break came, and I give him full credit.



Bing Crosby



Faster than one of Bing Crosby's horses is Joe Perry, right, head man of Decca's Los Angeles studios. Here Joe is shown with Bing under "Decca Joe's" blanket, "Decca Joe" being a horse in the Crosby stables which the Groaner named in Perry's honor. Bing now is in South America vacationing and purchasing bangtails; Perry is busy recording in Hollywood. Down Beat photo.

MAY, 1939

OCTOBER 1, 1941

Bing Shows Skin-Beaters



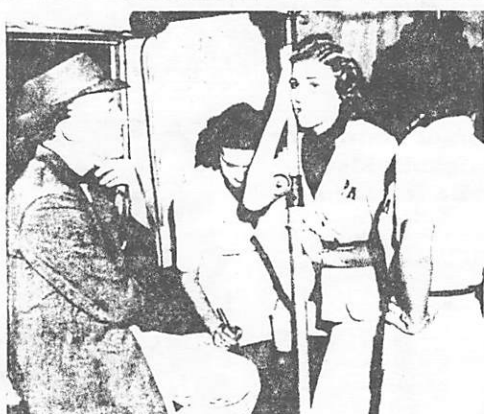
Bing Crosby may be a screen and radio crooner to the public, but he's willing to show skin-beaters he can wheedle a few hot licks off the skins.

SEPTEMBER, 1938



The Crosbys Get Together on a Disc . . . Crooner Bing Crosby and brother Bob's band waxed three platters for Decca when Bing stopped off in Chicago recently en route to Bermuda. Family reunion above shows Mrs. Bing (Dixie Lee), Bob, Gary Crosby (Bing's son), and Bing.

NOVEMBER, 1938



Pooched Out . . . Papa Bing Crosby had it tough keeping pace with the lively young Andrews sisters last month when all four of them got together, with Joe Venuti's band supplying accompaniment, for a "first time" record date at Decca. They knocked out *Yodelin' Time* and *Currier's* to be released Nov. 2. Decca officials expect it to be the biggest seller in 10 years.

NOVEMBER 1, 1939

Big Moment For Song-Pluggers



John Scott Trotter & Bing Crosby—Hollywood—Bing Crosby, who holds open house for song pluggers just before the Kraft Music Hall (NBC) goes on the air, tries out promising tunes with John Scott Trotter, the show's musical director. In order to hear the boys who peddle new tunes, Bing omits supper and simply orders a sandwich to munch while he listens. The pluggers usually turn up in pairs, one playing the piano and the other singing. After going into the huddle with Trotter on the tunes he likes, Bing selects his numbers for the next week's show. (Thursdays, 10 p.m. EDT.)



—Sherman Clark Photo

Bing Takes to the hides between sets. Working in the new Universal pic *If I Had My Way*, Harry Lillis flips a stick skyward as Gloria Jean, his co-star, gets her kicks.

MAY 15, 1940

Bing's Genial Profanity Dubbed and Sold on Discs

BY CHARLIE EMGE

Los Angeles—One of the prized collector's items of all times has bobbed up and is now being "bootlegged" around here at prices ranging from a dollar up, with the ante expected to jump here.

The "bootleg" discs are dubbings of a couple of masters Bing Crosby muffed during sessions at the local Decca plant. They carry, very plainly, Bing's genial, profane expressions of disgust.

Somebody grabbed the masters long enough to make acetate copies on each side of a disc. The record found its way to others, who made copies by the same method. Joe Perry, local Decca chief, has since destroyed the masters. So the only copies obtainable from now on will be the acetate dubbings, which lose quality with every playing and wear out fast.

One of the numbers is a recording of *Jimmy Valentine* in which Bing, after skipping a couple of beats, sings to the lovely strains of John Scott Trotter's soulful strings: "Oh . . . I blew the time, and I'm a dirty so and so." The other came when Bing was doing *Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams*. It carries this choice little departure from the original lyrics: "Sang the wrong melody, we'll play it back. See what it sounds like, hay, hay. They cut out eight bars here, the dirty . . . Didn't tell me which ones they were going to cut. Why doesn't somebody tell me these things. . . I'm going off my nut."



Bing Crosby

JULY 15, 1940

Crosby to Get 175 Gs for Each Movie

Hollywood—Bing Crosby is already sure of having at least 485 grand in his jeans this year.

The *Whitman* crooner and personal *Down Beat* poll winner has *already* signed a new contract with Paramount pix, calling for three pictures a year for three years at \$175,000 per pic. Deal lets Crosby do one outside film in place of one Paramount film if he wants to. He also has the final say on script, music, casting etc.

Bing also signed a 5-year contract with Decca records, guaranteeing him \$50,000 a year plus a percentage on all sales. Under the old contract, torn up with still two years to run, Bing's percentage cut was some \$42,000, so it looks like a good year all around for Crosby and family.

There was still a few "little" items like the Kraft show to be figured in.

JANUARY 15, 1941

Chicago, January 15, 1941

The Last Photo of Hal Kemp



Here is the last picture made of the late Hal Kemp, who died Dec. 21 of injuries received in a motor car wreck in Madera, Cal. It was taken on the set of *The Road to Zanzibar* at Paramount, where Hal visited Bob Hope and Bing Crosby shortly before starting his ill-fated drive toward San Francisco. Jack Koffman photo courtesy Mel Adams.

Two Directors Make a Movie



Los Angeles—John Scott Trotter, left, and Victor Schertzinger, film director, both had a hand in making the latest Bing Crosby pic, *Rhythm On the River*, one of Bing's best yet for Paramount. Trotter plays himself in the film. Schertzinger is noted for his musical ability. Wingy Manone also has a spot in the film.

Fate

Los Angeles—John Scott Trotter, now musical director for Bing Crosby, and former arranger and pianist for the late Hal Kemp, revealed here that Kemp always traveled by auto from one engagement to the other and that, although he probably drove hundreds of thousands of miles during the past 10 years in this way, he had never had an accident in a motor car.

The crash in which he died was his first—and last.

JANUARY 15, 1941

RECORDS 10¢

LATEST PHONOGRAPH RECORDS
Victor, Columbia, Decca, etc. Slightly used.
Guaranteed to play like new, or money refunded.
Such artists as Bing Crosby, Benny Goodman,
Glenn Miller and hundreds of others. 8 different
records 10¢, in *Big* 20¢, in *Big* 30¢. Write for
free particulars. C. HOODWIN CO., Dept. 55
4419 Broadway • Chicago, Ill.

46 AUGUST, 1938

AUGUST 1, 1940

Bing Crosby Will Sing BMI Songs on the Air

Hollywood—Another significant break in the ASCAP Vs. Radio scrap came as Bing Crosby, who was quoted some weeks ago to the effect that he would "quit radio" if he had to get along without ASCAP songs, eased the word around that it was all a misunderstanding, and that he had said no such thing.

The original story, though never given out directly by Bing himself, was released in the form of a very definite declaration and came from a source so close that it was unquestioned at the time.

Anyway, the story that Radio without ASCAP would mean Radio without Bing Crosby was offensively spoken as J. Walter Thompson, the advertising executive, announced the signing of a new long term pact with Bing. Actually, however, it is only a one-year binder since it has been revealed that either party can terminate it after that period.

Meantime, here's what the "insiders" say about the ASCAP-Crosby story: When J.W.T. offered Bing his new contract the singer saw an eyebrow raiser in the form of a clause permitting the agency to cancel out in case war in Europe or U.S. curtailed the market for Kraft products. Bing didn't argue. He just inserted a provision of his own to the effect that he could cancel out any time the available supply of music failed to meet his requirements. The "No ASCAP—No Bing" story was allowed to break at the same time. J.W.T. dropped the "War clause" and Bing dropped his "ASCAP" clause.

JANUARY 1, 1941

Teagarden In Movie With Crosby

New York—Jack Teagarden signed contracts and rushed to the Pacific coast April 2 with his band, his head spinning as a result of developments which placed his band into the Casa Manana nitery (the opening was April 3) and made Teagarden a motion picture actor at the same time.



Big Gate

Big Gate, favorite trombonist of thousands of musicians, now is working in the new Bing Crosby picture at Paramount studios. The title is "The Birth of the Blues."

Doubling between the Paramount lot and the Casa, Teagarden is busier now than he's ever been. It is his first big break on the screen, although he was in a couple of Paul Whiteman flickers in years past. His band is set for six weeks at the Casa.

Jackson will blow his horn in the Crosby film, which will feature plenty of old standard jazz tunes.

APRIL 15, 1941

FEATURES

Chicago, April 1, 1940



Whiteman's outfit in 1929 shortly before PW and his gang were featured in Universal's "King of Jazz" movie, which laid an egg. Bix Beiderbecke and Frank Trumbauer, as well as Ferde Grofe, Bill Challis, George Marsh, Bing Crosby, Alton Rinker and other stars are shown. That's Ted Husing at the mike with Whiteman announcing the Old Gold show.

Warren Scholl says this is a "very rare" photo, never before published. Bing stands with his head next to the lid of the piano at far rear. Scholl's discussion of Whiteman's recordings, and the band's development from a rough little string group to one of the largest and best known jazz units in history, is told on this page, continued from last issue.

BING SWINGS!



Bing Crosby Features W.F.L. Drums

Acclaimed as the "greatest name in music," genial Bing Crosby sings and swings his way into the hearts of America.

Star of Kraft Music Hall—America's favorite radio program, he is recognized by musicians as a solid drummer-man in his own right.

Kraft Music Hall director, John Scott Trotter, and stellar staff drummer, Bill Markas, appreciate the quick response and streamlined beauty of their new W.F.L. Royal Maple Outfit.

Tune in to the Kraft Music Hall every Thursday night and hear Bing sing and swing on W.F.L. twin strainer snare drums and tunable tom toms.

America's leading drum stars like RAY BAUDUC with Bob Crosby, BUDDY SCHUTZ with Jimmy Dorsey, FRANKIE CARLSON with Woody Herman, LIONEL HAMPTON, GEORGE WETTLING, and many others are swinging with W.F.L. because they know drums made by WM. F. LUDWIG are built to swing!

See America's leading drum line at your dealer's today!

Write Dept. D for your free W.F.L. catalog now!

SPECIAL: 8"x10" photos of Bing Crosby and above W.F.L. drummers—send 15c in stamps each.

FREE!

The life story of WM. F. LUDWIG—"My Life at the Drums" now off the press! 30 years of drumming from Circus to Grand Opera. Complete, illustrated biography of drum famous Wm. F. Ludwig. Send to Dept. D for your FREE copy!

ACT NOW!

WFL DRUM CO.

1728 North Damen Avenue, Chicago

WM. F. LUDWIG, Founder



AUGUST 1, 1940

Watch For Down Beat
the
1st & 15th
Of Each Month



Woody, Vic and the Groaner . . .

Left to right, that order would be shifted to Bing Crosby, now in South America, on vacation, buying horses which he hopes can run; Woody Herman, who recently became father of a 6-pound, red-headed daughter, and Victor Young, Decca musical director on the Coast. Woody's band recorded four sides with the Bing chanting the lyrics, with Young supervising the whole bash. It's the first time Bing and Woody have waxed together. *Down Beat* pic.

OCTOBER 1, 1941

'ROAD SHOWS'

Bing, Bob and friends mix crooning and comedy

By Mary Stevens

BING Crosby fans will find the road to collecting the crooner's movies a little shorter next week. On Thursday, MCA/Universal Home Video will release three previously unavailable "Road" pictures starring Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour: **"Road to Singapore"** (1940), **"Road to Zanzibar"** (1941) and **"Road to Morocco"** (1942). These are \$14.98 each; all are closed captioned.

MCA/Universal has also re-priced **"Road to Utopia"** (1946) at \$14.98 and created **"The Road to Collection,"** a \$49.98 gift pack containing those four films.

"Road to Singapore" (originally to be called "Road to Mandalay" and intended as a vehicle for Jack Oakie and Fred MacMurray) was the very first of the famous "Road" films, a series of musical comedies that transported viewers to exotic settings. Crosby and Hope play bachelors who have sworn off women—until lovely housekeeper Lamour shows up wearing a sarong.

In "Road to Zanzibar," Crosby and Hope play crooked carnival performers who skip town after selling a phony diamond mine. Ending up in Zanzibar, they meet Lamour and Una Murkel, who lure them into the jungle and introduce them to a tribe of hungry cannibals.

"Road to Morocco" features Crosby and Hope as shipwreck survivors and Lamour as a beautiful princess who wants to marry Hope. Anthony Quinn plays a jealous sheik who gets in the way.

"Road to Utopia" has Crosby and Hope posing as escaped killers and searching for an Alaskan gold mine.

Throughout the "Road" series, which also includes "Road to Rio" (1947, RCA/Columbia Pictures Home Video, \$19.99), "Road to Bali" (1952, Goodtimes/Kids Klassics, \$9.99), "Road to Hong Kong" (1962, MGM-UA Home Video, \$19.98) and "Road to Lebanon" (a 1960 TV special with Danny Thomas; Video Yesteryear, \$24.95). Crosby always played a slick swinger opposite Hope as a bumbling coward.

Yet according to Hope, as quoted in the Bob Thomas book **"The One and Only Bing,"** Crosby was really "a simple man who never cared much about himself. Which made him a minority of one. ... He never said an unkind word about anyone, whether he was on life's fairway or in the rough. ... Whether he was singing, joking or just living, Bing always had fun."

He was born Harry Lillis Crosby on May 2, 1901 (some sources claim 1903 or 1904), in Tacoma, Wash. The fourth child of Catherine Harrigan Crosby and a bookkeeper named Harry Crosby, he was christened at St. Patrick's Church across the street from his home. His

Roman Catholic faith and his family's love of music remained vitally important to him throughout his entire life.

The Crosbys moved to Spokane in 1906, where a playmate named Valentine Hobart gave him the nickname "Bingo" (later shortened to "Bing") after a character in a comic strip called "The Bingsville Bugle." That comic strip character had very prominent ears, and it wouldn't be the last time that Crosby would be teased about his looks.

Years later, image consultants at Paramount Pictures suggested plastic surgery to flatten Crosby's ears and repeatedly tried gluing them down, to no avail. However, Crosby's homely appearance and his refusal to put on airs actually turned out to work in his favor, apparently making him more accessible and more lovable to the masses.

Of course, it was Crosby's voice that first grabbed the public's attention. In college, he sang and played drums with a combo called Musicaladers, later joining Paul Whiteman's Orchestra and an offshoot group called The Rhythm Boys, who made a brief appearance in Universal Pictures' first all-Technicolor, full-length musical, **"King of Jazz"** (1930, MCA Home Video, \$29.98).

When comedy genius Mack Sennett saw Crosby in that film, he immediately wanted him for a series of shorts, proclaiming, "Boys, I admit I never heard of a crooner in slapstick comedy, but until we flung 'em, nobody ever heard of a custard pie in slapstick comedy. All I know is this boy entertains!"

Video compilations called **"Bing Crosby Festival"** (Budget Video, \$34.95) and **"Young Bing Crosby"** Video Yesteryear, \$24.95) offer some of Crosby's shorts from the 1930s.

By the late '30s, Crosby was not only an established recording star (to date, approximately 400 million records have been sold) but one of Hollywood's Top 10 box-office draws. He would remain on that list for most of the 1940's and early '50s, occupying the Number One spot in 1944 and '45 [ED. NOTE: Actually he was champ from 1944-1949—five times—and was never surpassed and only matched by Bert Reynolds. WLM]

Probably the most popular singer-turned-actor in the history of movies, Crosby liked to share his billing with other stars, explaining that it never hurt to be associated with good actors.

In turn, his "influential, unforced style helped other actors realize that they could be film stars without forcing themselves to be anyone other than themselves," Ken Wlaschin suggests in the **"Illustrated Encyclopedia**

of the World's Great Movie Stars."

On Oct. 14, 1977, Crosby died while playing his favorite sport of golf. But his recordings and his movies, especially those with holiday and/or religious themes, live on as cherished classics. Here are some of the best on video:

"Going My Way" (1944, MCA, \$19.95). Crosby was reluctant to play the part of Father Chuck O'Malley, a down-to-earth parish priest who finds himself battling with a crusty pastor (Barry Fitzgerald); he didn't think audiences would accept him in such a "saintly" role. But moviegoers and critics alike adored this story with its tear-jerker ending (the older priest is reunited with his 90-year-old mother) as well as Crosby's renditions of "Silent Night," "Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral," "Ave Maria" and "Swinging on a Star." The movie won six Oscars, including best picture, actor (Crosby), supporting actor (Fitzgerald) and director (Leo McCarey).

"The Bells of St. Mary's" (1945, Republic Pictures Home Video, \$19.95 in original black-and-white or color-tinted versions). Crosby again played Father O'Malley under Leo McCarey's direction, this time catching flak from Ingrid Bergman as the Sister Superior of a financially troubled parochial school.

"Holiday Inn" (1946, MCA, \$19.95) Irving Berlin and Moss Hart came up with the idea for this one in 1933; it was inspired by a Broadway revue called "As Thousands Cheer" which included a salute to holidays and the song "Easter Parade." Casting the leading male dancer of the day (Fred Astaire) was a real coup for producer-director Mark Sandrich. Crosby plays an entertainer who tries to escape life in the fast line by becoming a farmer, later converting his rustic home into a holiday resort. Crosby's version of "White Christmas," which he sings in this film, was a World War II anthem and remains the best-loved secular Christmas recording of all time.

"A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" (1949, MCA, \$29.95). Rhonda Fleming and William Bendix co-star with Crosby in this musical production based on the Mark Twain fantasy tale of a time-traveler.

"Here Comes the Groom" (1951, Paramount Home Video, \$14.95). Crosby sings the Oscar winning song "In the Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening" and tries to keep former fiancée Jane Wyman from marrying Franchot Tone.

"The Country Girl" (1954, Paramount, \$19.95). Grace Kelly won an Academy Award playing the sweet wife of an alcoholic singer (Crosby in a highly acclaimed performance). Writer-director George Seaton also won an Oscar for his adaptation of a Clifford Odets play.

This article originally appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* of October 9, 1992. It was sent to us by Pete Cakanic.

Bing's bio, & all that jazz

It's hard to think that **Gary Giddens**, columnist and critic for the *Village Voice*, author of five books (the most recent "Faces in the Crowd"), co-founder (with **John Lewis**) and artistic director of the American Jazz Orchestra, would have time for anything else. But he has. For more than a year now he's been hard at work on an official biography of **Bing Crosby**, and he expects to spend at least the next two years of his life on it.

He has more time now because the Jazz Orchestra is playing its last riffs—its final concert, with **David Murray** as soloist, is Dec. 10 at Cooper Union. "We ran out of money, ran out of time," he said. "But we did what we set out to do"—which was to build a full-size orchestra specifically for jazz.

Now he can devote all his time to Crosby. "I've done over 110 interviews so far with people who knew him," he says. "And there's about 40 more to do. I've been spending a lot of time at Gonzaga University in Spokane, where Bing went to school, where all of his archives are—tons of them, and they haven't all been classified yet. They're stored in the Bing Crosby Library there, and I've only gotten through maybe one third.

"I've even seen his FBI file. Can you believe it alone was 200 pages?"

And what has he found out about Der Bingle? Lots. He wasn't as awful as he was painted in the book "Hollow Man" and not as great as in the fan-style bio "Bing Crosby."

From the *New York Daily News*, Nov. 27, 1992. Courtesy of Jack Ash. Reset with minor corrections on our computer.

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Who Sold the Most Records?

By Girvan Paterson

FOR many years Bing Crosby was always acknowledged as the world's number one recording artist, the biggest record seller in the history of recorded sound. Sadly, it would seem, such is no longer the case. In fact as the enclosed article shows, [part of which is reprinted at the right of the page] Bing doesn't even rate a mention at 2nd or 3rd. These "official" statistics have been announced by an organization called The Recording Industry Association of America, and I suppose must be taken as fact.

However, I can't help but wonder whether or not the RIAA went to the same trouble and expense to "update" Bing Crosby's total sales figures. We all know the figures usually quoted for Bing, 500 million records sold, 22 gold discs, etc. These figures are many years old and largely refer to his "78" quota. Even the more-often mentioned total sales for "White Christmas" alone, somewhere between 20 and 30 million, are years out of date. All of these figures referred only to his Decca output, and Bing recorded for many other labels over the years. It is fairly clear that even with "mild" updating the microgroove and CD eras would put Bing's all-time total in excess of one *billion*. Many of Bing's early recordings have been on constant re-release for sixty years and would have attained "gold" status several times over.

Now I know that it would be a difficult job to update accurately Bing's figures, but with computers and such these days it could be done, even with a conservative "guesstimate" where no information exists would still make a dramatic difference. I think we all owe it to Bing to try and have this done. I'm not saying this would put Bing back in the lead. After all, most of Bing's "heyday" took place during the depression and war years of the 30's and 40's, not the affluent free-spending postwar years of the 50's and 60's when Elvis Presley's entire career took place. Bing never went in for the high-pressured marketing and promotion that was and still is afforded to Elvis. Still if all these things were taken into consideration and the Recording Industry Association of America were to grant Bing the same courtesy it did Mr. Presley, then Bing Crosby could still come close to being the recording industry's No. 1 citizen.

Anyone have the address of the RIAA?

The following is an excerpt from an article in the Herald-Sun (Australia) of January 2, 1993.

IT'S OFFICIAL

By Lea Frydman

As if millions of fans around the world did not already know, Elvis Presley is now officially the King!

The Recording Industry Association of America, the body to which all record companies report, has made the staggering discovery that many of Elvis's less-heralded albums and singles have earned gold, or even platinum, status.

With the assistance of computer technology, the complete and comprehensive files of Elvis's manager, Colonel Tom Parker, and his recording company, RCA (now BMG), an RIAA audit has established that the King has 110 gold, platinum and multi-platinum albums and singles.

This is more than double the previously-held figure and convincingly establishes Elvis as the greatest recording artist of all time.

It is estimated that Elvis has sold in excess of one billion records worldwide, far more than any individual or group since the recorded voice was first etched onto vinyl [sic!]. About half of these sales have been in the U.S.

However, until now, most record books have not listed Elvis as the world's No. 1 recording artist. The Beatles have generally been accorded that honor.

The RIAA says the error was the result of a lack of data from authors and/or publishers which made it impossible to accurately calculate the figures in pre-computer days.

After BMG took over from RCA, market researchers were able to audit and locate worldwide sales from 1956 onward to award those Elvis titles that were initially omitted or miscalculated.

Today, with the grand total of 110 album and single titles certified as either gold, platinum and multi-platinum, Elvis Presley officially stands head and shoulders above his rivals at No. 1.

By comparison, the King's nearest contenders are now: No. 2—The Beatles (with 41 titles); No. 3—the Rolling Stones (39), then Barbra Streisand and Elton John (37).

It should be noted that the 110 figure was calculated as a single unit for each title, that is: one award presented for each title whether it is gold, platinum or multi-platinum.

New Releases

With Contributions by Charles Baillie • David Lobosco •

Jim Johnson • Joe Onorato

Mark Scrimger • Greg Van Beek

F. B. Wiggins

Compact Discs

■ I presently have 80 CD's of Bing. I go to New York City at least twice a year and visit a great store called "Footlight Records." That's where I get most of my CD's. Another good source is "Tower Records." The Colony Record Shop is a good place but way out of line price-wise! I should mention, these shops are within 100 miles of my place of residence.

So many of the CD's repeat and repeat the same songs. If you must have everything, you buy the CD anyway.

The best double CD to come along features *The Jazzin' Bing Crosby* [contents listed in the December 1992 issue of *Bingang*]. There are 24 tracks. There are many with Paul Whiteman, but the Sam Lanin and Dorsey Brothers items are really interesting, especially "Susianna" and "If I Had You." The other "Dinah" and the other "St. Louis Blues" are clear as a bell. Bing makes it sound so easy. What a great skat! Bing is in gorgeous voice doing "Shine." "Lawd You Made the Night Too Long" is *too, too, too* long a record—one I don't like. Enough said. This is the same tune as "Sam You Made the Pants Too Long." "Sweet Georgia Brown" has to be one of my all-time favorites. Bing, this is your song! Done with Isham Jones. "Cabin in the Cotton": Listen to Eddie Lang doing tricks with his guitar. Love the way Bing sells this tune. Eddie Lang came back for "Some of These Days." Bing's best skat ever. "How Deep Is the Ocean?": Bing hits a home run on this one. Unknown studio orchestra.

Jimmy Dorsey, Frances Langford, Louis Armstrong and Bing are wonderful. I would have been in seventh heaven to be at this recording session. "Pennies from Heaven," a winner.

"Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean" are fun. I like the other take better. This is the B take.

As far as I'm concerned, Bing and brother Bob didn't record enough together. "You Must Have

Been a Beautiful Baby" is a great Saturday night song. This song on CD sounds better than the record.

This CD shows off Bing's fabulous way with lyrics. Too bad Bing didn't have Joe Venuti on all of his sessions with the Andrews Sisters. Direct from the soundtrack of *Rhythm on the Range*: Is that Bing swinging the drumsticks for real? Wow-wow!
—JIM JOHNSON

■ Member Bill Daugherty, who works for Footlight Records, has notified us that Footlight has available the *Bing's Musical Autobiography* set on four CD's. The price is rather steep (\$112.95), but this is an important set, and you might want to make the investment. Footlight's address is 113 E. 12th St., New York, NY 10003, phone 212-533-1572.

■ Scotti Bros. Records has notified the club that they have released a compilation album that includes a digitally restored and mastered version of Bing's Crosby's "Anniversary Waltz." Presumably this is the 1941 version with Victor Young, never reissued in this country on LP.

The release is entitled *There Is Love (The Anniversary Songs)*, Scotti catalog number 75405. It can be purchased or ordered from any record retailer in either cassette or CD form. For those who prefer to order by phone, Scotti recommends Tower Records at 800-648-4844.

■ **MY HAPPINESS—ELLA FITZGERALD AND BING CROSBY.** Parrot PARCD 002 (UK). (From radio) Selections with Bing (¶ indicates Bing solo): Stay with the Happy People • A Dreamer's Holiday • Basin Street Blues • Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue¶ • Silver Bells • I Can Dream, Can't I?¶ • Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer • White Christmas • Marshmallow World • That's A Plenty • Way Back Home (also with Mills Bros.) • Istanbul • Chicago Style • Everything I Have Is Yours¶ • Memphis Blues. Other selections non-Bing.

■ **THE QUINTESSENTIAL BING CROSBY.** Castle CTVCD 211 (UK). Contents, Disc 1: Straight Down the Middle • Try a Little Tenderness • Love Is the Sweetest Thing • When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along • Unchained Melody • The Lady Is a Tramp • Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland (w/Rosemary Clooney) • Ain't Misbehavin' • Isle of Capri • Heartaches by the Number • So Rare • They Didn't Believe Me • Way Down Yonder in New Orleans • Don't Blame Me • You Turned the Tables on Me • I Guess I'll Have To Change My Plan • I Wish You Love • Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone • Old Cape Cod • Yours • Margie • Nice Work If You Can Get It • At Sundown • Count Your Blessings Instead of Sheep • Love's Old Sweet Song.

Disc 2: True Love (w/Clooney) • Yes Sir, That's My Baby • Manhattan • Misty • This Can't Be Love • We'll Be Together Again • Keepin' Out of Mischief Now • Moonglow/The Theme from Picnic • We're in the Money • All Through the Night • Papa Loves Mambo • You'll Never Know • Anything Goes • You're the Top • My Baby Just Cares for Me • I See Your Face Before Me • At the Jazz Band Ball • You're in Kentucky As Sure As You're Born • I've Got a Crush on You • How Long Has This Been Going On? • My Funny Valentine • The Banjo's Back in Town • You're Sensational • Little Man You've Had a Busy Day • Let's Put Out the Lights and Go to Sleep (w/Clooney).

■ **BING'S BEST.** Spa CDCD 1071 (UK). Contents: Where the Blue of the Night • Sweet and Lovely • Dinah (w/Mills Bros.) • Shine (w/Mills Bros.) • Sweet Georgia Brown • Cabin in the Cotton • Some of These Days • Here Lies Love • You're Beautiful Tonight, My Dear • You're Getting To Be a Habit with Me • You've Got Me Crying Again • Temptation • May I? • June in January • With Every Breath I Take • I'm an Old Cowhand • Pennies from Heaven • Sweet Leilani • Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean (w/Johnny Mercer) • You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby.

■ **THIS IS MY COUNTRY.** Reader's Digest 109C. Selections by Bing: A Hot Time in the Town of Berlin • When You're a Long, Long Way from Home.

Video

■ Joe Onorato spotted this announcement in the Disney Channel guide for June/July:

And lovers of classic pop should note that coming later this year is a unique special that will stand as the definitive musical biography of

Bing Crosby. (A commemorative boxed album set of Crosby's classic songs is also scheduled to be released at the same time.)

■ Bob Lundberg has found a copy of the elusive *Top of the Morning* and is offering copies to Bing's fans. Bob says that although it is not of flawless quality, it is good—and enjoyable. Send \$10.00 to the Bingthings Society, 5021 57th Ave., Court West, Tacoma, WA 98467-4802.

■ Did you see *More of the Best of the Hollywood Palace* special on May 11 on ABC? Bing was seen three of four times. He sang "One of Those Songs" from 5/21/66 and a snatch from the last show on 2/7/70.

They said "until next time" at the end of the show, so that means a third special. If we got enough members to write ABC and request more Bing on Hollywood Palace specials, maybe more "gems" will surface. Here's the address:

Capital Cities/ABC, Inc.
77 West 66th St.
New York, NY 10023-6298

or:

ABC
2040 Avenue of the Stars
Los Angeles, CA 90067
(Phone: 212-456-7777)

Bing hosted the first Hollywood Palace in January 1964 and the last in February 1970 and 30 other shows, more than any other featured performer.

—GREG VAN BEEK

■ NEW VIDEO RELEASE

Paramount Communications has released *Mr. Music*, with Bing, Nancy Olson, Charles Coburn, and Ruth Hussey. The catalog number is 5007, and the manufacturer's suggested retail price is \$14.95.

Books

■ THE RETURN OF A CLASSIC

Because of its May 1993 release date, most of you should have already come across this wonderful reissue of Bing's 1953 autobiography *Call Me Lucky* in your local bookstore. For Crosby collectors, this book is an especially welcome breath of fresh air. Hopefully it's reappearance will help blow away some of the dark clouds that have gathered over Bing's name since his passing. Da Capo Press of New York City is to be applauded for bringing Bing's own story back in an affordable [\$13.95], soft-cover edition with all the original text and pictures intact without editorial comment save a knowledgeable introduction by well-known music critic and soon-to-be Crosby biographer, Gary



Giddins. Gary, in fact, is the one who suggested Bing's book to the publishers as a long overdue candidate for republication. Now it's back on the shelves again for all to enjoy.

—MARK SCRIMGER

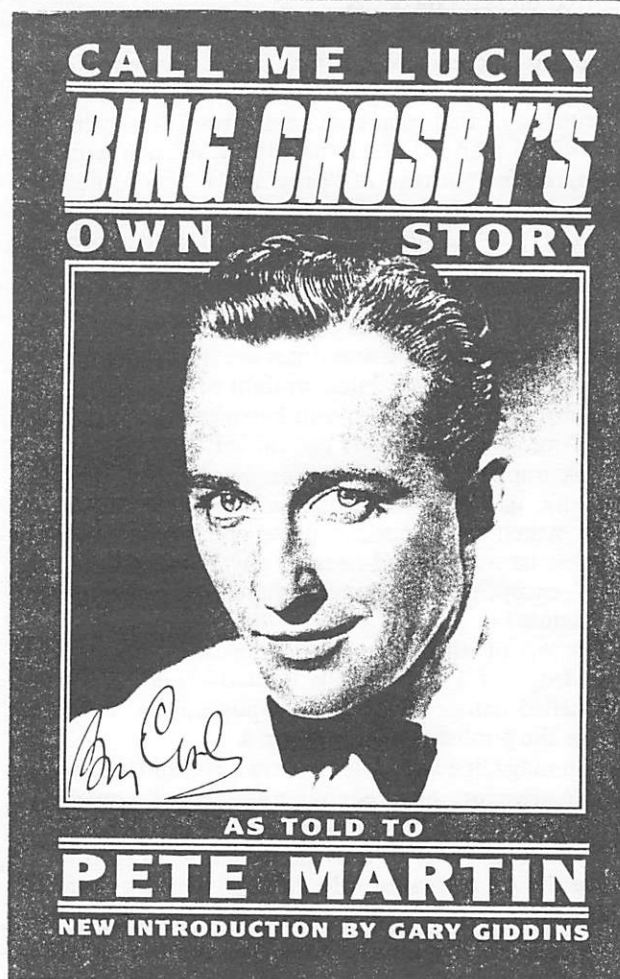
[Editor's note: If you have the Pocket Books paperback edition, published in 1954, you will want to hang on to it, since it includes the delightful drawings by Carl Rose not found elsewhere. Also hold on to your Reader's Digest Condensed Books edition, with its illustrations by "alajalov."]

■ Volume Two of the Fred Reynolds series of detailed reviews of each of Bing's commercial recordings, in chronological order, is now available. This new ICC hardcover book covers the years 1935 through 1941. The total cost, including international postage from England and forwarding charges within the United States and Canada is \$25.00 per book. If you would like a copy, please send me your personal check or postal money order in *U. S. dollars*, payable to F. B. Wiggins. Copies are also still available of Volume One, covering the period

from 1926 through 1934 at the cost of \$25.00 per book.

—F. B. Wiggins, 5608 North 34th St., Arlington, VA 22207.

■ David Lobosco reports that Maxene Andrews book *Over Here, Over There* has just hit the bookstores. It is published by Zebra Books and costs \$23 in hardcover. David reports that the book is excellent and deals with the USO shows of World War II. Bing is mentioned throughout the book. David points out that Maxene mistakenly says that Bing starred with Barry Fitzgerald and Ingrid Bergman in *Going My Way*.



Bandleader Crosby dies

LA JOLLA, Calif. — Bob Crosby, the popular swing-era bandleader and younger brother of singer Bing Crosby, died Tuesday of cancer. He was 80.

Crosby led big bands from 1935 to 1942 and started an eight-piece band-within-the-band, the Bob Cats, during that time. He sang but didn't play an instrument.

Crosby was the last of seven siblings to die. He is survived by five children and seven grandchildren.

LOOKING BACK...

BING

Bing Crosby's authorized biography, "*Bing*," by Charles Thompson (David McKay Co., New York; 249 pp. plus 32 pp. of pictures; \$8.95) has come off the presses coincident with Crosby's 50th year in showbusiness, and there is undoubtedly a large waiting audience for the story of the artist.

The book is so crammed with exhaustive details of Crosby's fabulous career that it's a shame the work—on which the British writer says he spent four years—is marred on several counts.

Most annoying, since the Crosby saga is a purely American success story, is that it was not written with the sparkle and zing typical of this country instead of in a British style that smacks of having been done primarily for British readers. The constant use of such words as "programme" instead of "program"), "favourite" (for "favorite"), "whilst" (for "while"), "humour" (for "humor"), "cheque" (for "check"), etc., becomes distracting and gives the biog a Limey instead of a Yankee quality.

Dates, such as June 25, 1933, are written "25 June 1933," and some good anecdotes are ruined because the incidents are merely related straight or as throwaways. Western Union messages sent between New York and Los Angeles are described as "cabled" instead of wired or telegraphed. Much attention is given to Crosby's boozing, gambling and other misbehavior in the old days, which the American press pretty much ignored because he was a good-hearted guy. So why drag it in here—except perhaps because there's no worse scandal to disclose?

On top of all this—probably because the author's knowledge of Hollywood is limited—there are many misspelled names and enough typographical errors to shame the publisher's proofreaders.

Fan magazine and other writers have told and retold the Crosby story often enough not to require repetition here: born Harry Lillis Crosby in Tacoma, Wash., on May 2 either 1901 or 1904 (apparently no records to prove the year); played odd dates as a youth with the Musicaladers, which soon broke up, with Crosby and another member, Alton Rinker, making their way to Los Angeles; appearing with bands, adding a third member, Harry Barris, to make a trio as Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys; surviving many ups and downs; finally, with the aid of recordings, making it big in that field, then films, radio and television.

Disks and Golf

A lot of space is given to Crosby's activities in the recording field, especially the backstage squabbles of minor interest to general readers, and of course his Bob Hope teaming, which could have been accorded more space in view of their successful "Road" films. Crosby's golf hobby, for pleasure and charity, naturally comes in for a lot of attention.

On the more personal side, Crosby is quoted as admitting his work prevented him from spending enough time with his four boys by his first wife, Dixie Lee, who died of cancer, though he believes the discipline he imposed on them as a stern father has been instrumental in their becoming successful in their own right. He now has two boys and a girl by his present wife, Kathryn Grant.

This book is rather overloaded with backslapping. There are laudatory quotes from several dozen personalities who've known Crosby, and all of them have nice things to say about him although each has a somewhat different—and sometimes lengthy—explanation of why *The Groaner* is essentially a "loner." But Crosby explains this better in a mere four words: "I'm just not demonstrative."

As for his wealth, Crosby says all published reports have greatly exaggerated the figure. Far from rivaling Hope, "who works harder," he contends his current paper profits in securities and tangible assets do not exceed a few million dollars.

A final quote from the biog: "Once he enters his front door, he forgets he's Bing Crosby. He's just the father of three children and a dog."

What about Mrs. C.?

Gill.

From *Daily Variety*, April 22, 1976. Courtesy of Jean-Paul Frereault. Type has been reset on our computer, without editorial changes.

BOB CROSBY

Bob Crosby, 80, bandleader of the swing era and younger brother of Bing Crosby, died March 9 in La Jolla, Calif., of cancer.

From 1935 to 1942 Crosby led various Dixieland-style big bands and performed as a singer. His first band, the Bob Cats, recorded various hit records including "South Rampart Street Parade."

Crosby started his career with the Anson Weeks orchestra. In 1935, he was asked by several New York musicians to be their

bandleader and within three years the Bob Crosby Orchestra was playing in supper clubs and niteries across the country.

The Bob Cats were also featured in movies, including "Let's Make Music," "As Thousands Cheer," "See Here, Private Hargrove" and "Pardon My Rhythm."

During World War II, Crosby spent 18 months with the Marines, touring with bands throughout the Pacific.

Survived by five children and seven grandchildren.

VARIETY, March 15, 1993

DIED. Bob Crosby, 79, swing bandleader. In the late '30s and early '40s, Crosby's "Bobcats" offered souped-up arrangements of New Orleans jazz that became known as Dixieland Swing. The distinctive two-beat sound propelled hits like *Big Noise from Winnetka*. Jazz bible *Down Beat* magazine dubbed the Bobcats "the most interesting band in America."

TIME, MARCH 22, 1993

SWAPS AND SUCH

FOR SALE: *High Tor* soundtrack LP, Decca DL-8272. Cover and record are in excellent condition. \$65 plus postage. Thomas Triano, 109 Newbury Road, Howell, NJ 07731.

FOR SALE to highest bidder: Bing's *High Tor* soundtrack, Decca DL-8272, made in 1956 for Ford on CBS television. Jack Ash, 3062 Avenue V, Brooklyn, NY 11229.

FOR SALE: ALICE FAYE, Vols. 1, 2 and 3. Limited edition LP's of rare recordings. \$10 each volume, plus \$3.50 shipping per order. George Ulrich, 410 W. Roy St, Seattle, WA 98119, (206) 283-6051.

WANTED: Information on Bing's 15-minute radio shows for the following dates: Sat., Sept. 5, 1931; Fri. or Sat., Oct. 30 or 31, 1931.; Tues., March 1, 1932; Fri. or Sat., Oct. April 22 or 23, 1932; Tues., April 26, 1932; Thurs., June 6, 1932; Tues, April 26, 1932 or June 30, 1932. Need names of songs Bing sang, orchestra used, selections by orchestra, announcer, etc. Tony Sponarich, 5415 66th Ave. E., Puyallup, WA 98371-3719.

SPECIAL PRICE on Tim Morgereth's book *Bing Crosby: A Discography, Radio Program List, and Filmography*. Published at \$49.95. Our Price: \$29.98 plus \$2.00 shipping. Mr. Nostalgia, P. O. Box 26494, Tamarac, FL 33320, Phone (305) 726-5420.

FOR SALE: Reprise Repertory Theatre LP F-1016, *Guys and Dolls* (2 songs with Bing). White label promotional (D.J.) copy, VG cond. Also Columbia CL-1337, *Say One for Me*. Fair condition, cover taped. Best offer on either. Greg Van Beek, 929 Hillcrest St., West Bend, WI 53095.

WANTED: Any *Bing* back issues prior to July 1988; both *My Life With Bing* and *Bing and Other Things*, by Kathryn Crosby. Will sell or trade *Road to Singapore*, *Road to Utopia*, and *We're Not Dressing*. P. E. Corbeil, 1235 Blanche, C.P. 374, Les Cedres, Que., Canada JOP 1L0.

FOR SALE: Duplicate Crosby LP's, books, etc. Stanley Wayman, 18 Beckerle St., Danbury, CT. 06811. Phone: (203) 798-6263.

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE: July 88, December 88, June 89, December 89, July 90, December 90, June 91, December 91, July 92, December 92 are available from the editor for \$2.50 each, postpaid (sent third class mail). No others available.

DOES ANYONE KNOW anything about a 45 rpm single called "The Bunglers," a spoof of the Beatles by Bing, Frank, Sammy, and Dean? If so, please let your editor know.

WANTED: Volumes 4-8 of the Jonzo chronological series, a copy of the LP-ography, and the "Road Begins," "But Beautiful," "Sunshine Cake," and "Anything Goes" volumes of Bing's Hollywood series. Dave Odell, 9722-88 Ave., Edmonton, Alberta T6E 2P9, Canada.

WANTED: Bob Hope radio shows on cassette and/or LP. David Lobosco, 2533 Rose Drive, Glenshaw, PA 15116.

OTHER CROSBY ORGANIZATIONS

BING CROSBY INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY
P. O. Box 27
Tacoma, WA 98401
SOCIETY DISSOLVED

BING'S FRIENDS & COLLECTORS SOCIETY
236 Andrieux St.
Sonoma, CA 95476

BINGTHINGS SOCIETY
5021 57th Ave. Court West
Tacoma, WA 98467

INTERNATIONAL CROSBY CIRCLE (U.K.)
F. B. Wiggins, U. S. Representative
5608 North 34th St.
Arlington, VA 22207

QUEENSLAND BING CROSBY SOCIETY
P. O. Box 92, Ferney Hills
Queensland, Australia 4055

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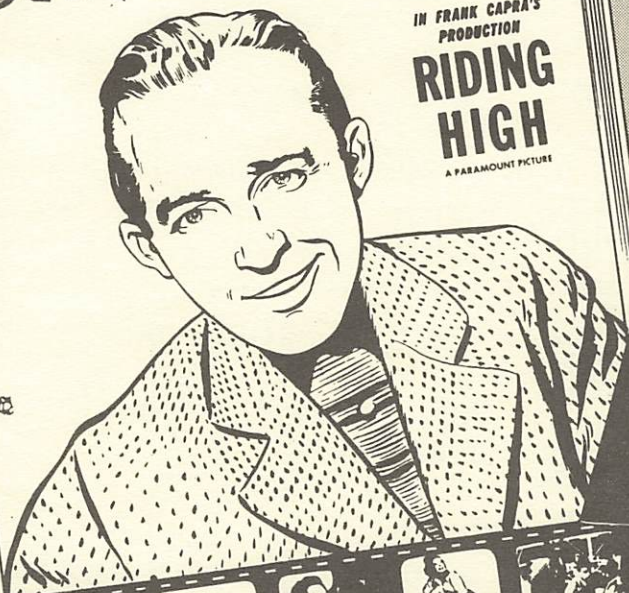
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STORY—THEN SEE IT ON THE
SCREEN AND YOU'LL AGREE--

It's BING AT HIS BEST!

I came across this in our files at DC Comics, and I thought you might be interested! It's an ad that would've run in other DC publications of 1951.

--Brian Pearce, DC Comics, New York